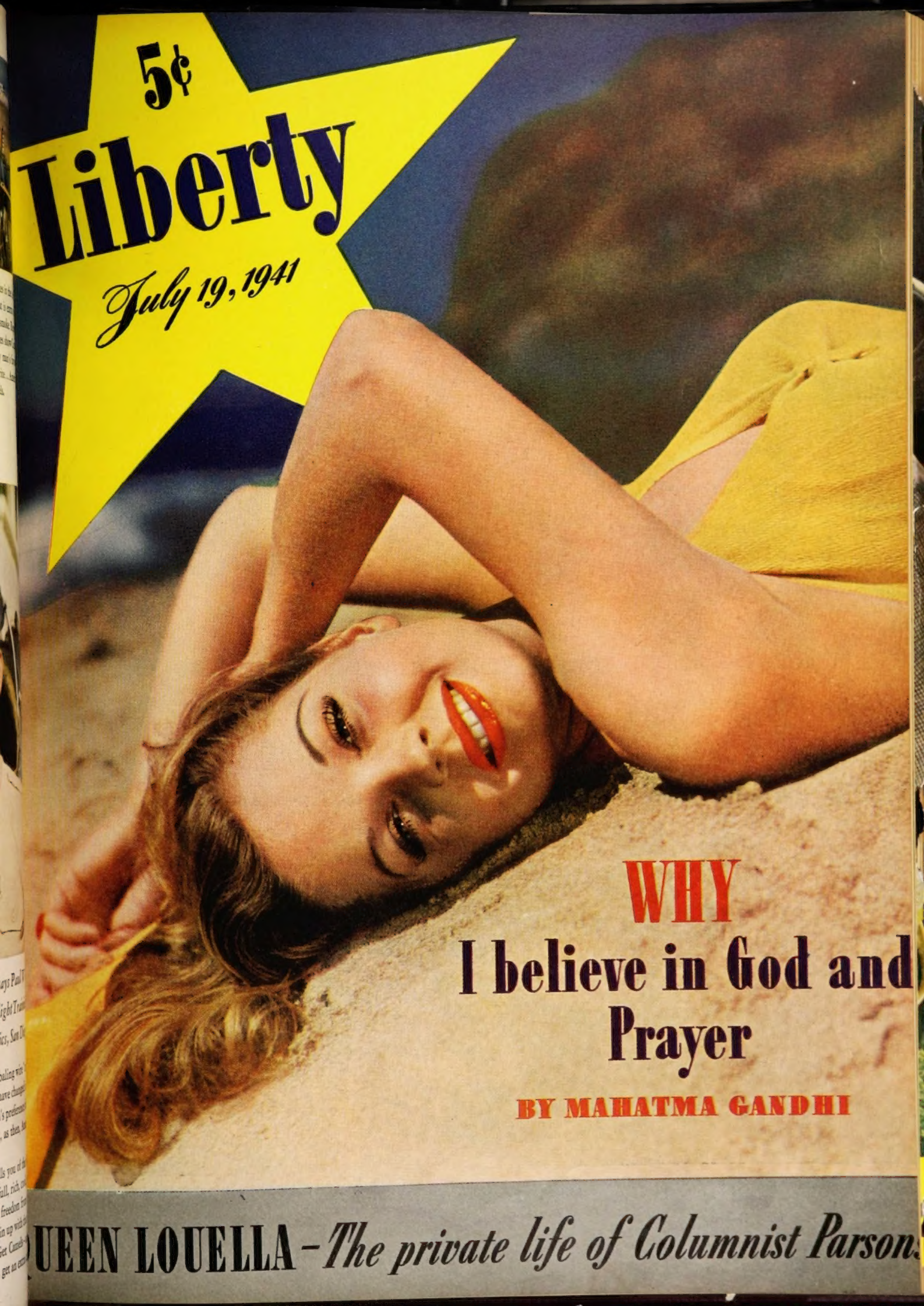
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Liberty
July 19, 1941
WHY
I believe in God and Prayer
BY MAHATMA GANDHI
UEEN LOUELLA – The private life of Columnist Parson

"I'll Never Forget our Trip to Lake Louise"

"It was our first really long trip —and it taught us plenty about motoring travel and the care it pays to give a car!"

WE had as much fun *planning* as *taking* the trip. You'd have thought we were going to Alaska.

"But one thing we did was everlastingly right. Before we left, we had the car serviced until she ran like a dream. Not a squeak in her body, and her engine filled with the new Mobiloil.

"You see, we had to drive hundreds of miles to learn this big truth: the fun of motoring can be doubled by treating your car regularly to a *Fresh Start!*"

GIVE YOUR CAR A FRESH START

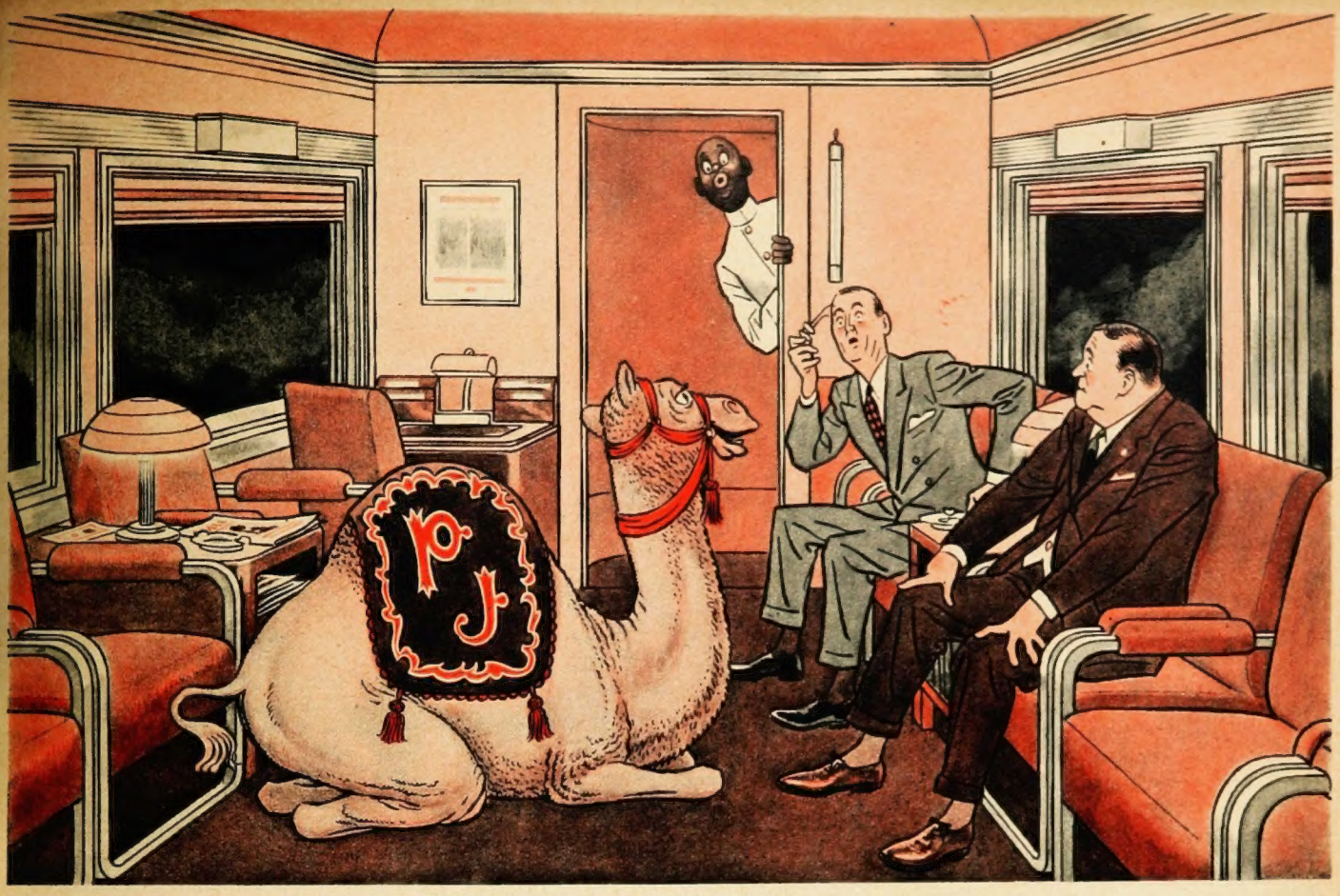
EVERY THOUSAND MILES

1 HERE'S A FRESH START FOR YOUR CAR: *First*—improved Mobiloil *that cleans as it lubricates. Next*—the radiator cleaned, conditioned. *Then*—your chassis Mobilubricated. *Finally*—your gear oil, plugs, battery, tires, checked.

COPR. 1941, SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO., INC.

2 IT'S A FRESH START FOR YOU, TOO, to drive a car that's quiet riding, well-protected—to *know* that "everything's 100%."

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., *and Affiliates:* Magnolia Petroleum Company, General Petroleum Corporation of California.



"As I said to that salesman from Dubuque..."

MAN: Well, at this point I'm ready to believe anything! Here we have, not only a camel in the club car, but a camel that claims he can settle our argument about the best buy in whiskey!

CAMEL: Puzzled, much-traveled one? Then remember that in my humble way I am an expert on the subject of whiskies. For I am the symbol of that much-to-be-desired quality in whiskey—*dryness!* Why, just the other day, I was telling a salesman from Dubuque—

MAN: Dryness indeed! Is that what you told this man from Dubuque?

CAMEL: Try one of these Coronas, friend, and I will relate my tale. As I explained to my companion, *dryness*, or lack of sweetness in whiskey, is a quality to be cherished more than fine gold. For it is the *dryness* in whiskey that allows one to savor the full, unimpaired, mellow taste and delicate bouquet of a whiskey. Only when your whiskey is *dry* can you know how enjoyable a drink can be!

MAN: As I always tell the boys at the home office—let's have the *facts!* Where can I get a whiskey that has this unusual quality of *dryness?*

CAMEL: Go, brother, and may your feet have wings! Go where the whiskey known as PAUL JONES is sold. Taste PAUL JONES and you will know I have spoken wisely. You will discover for yourself its mellow pleasing taste, its distinctive dryness. You will be pleased also, when you discover that its price is moderate. But you will not have been the first to discover this great whiskey buy. For its great popularity increased five times in two years!

MAN: Pal, I'm sold on this *dry* PAUL JONES! And if you ever get to Chicago, look me up. We can always find a spot in our organization for a smart young fellow like you!

The very best buy is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN PAUL JONES ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD

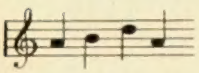
3 out of 5

prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

100 out of 151 Lifeguards, who were interviewed in a recent coast-to-coast test, reported that they preferred the delicious peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

An independent fact-finding organization made the tests. Various brands of chewing gum of the same flavor were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed. Each Lifeguard was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and was asked to report which stick he preferred. 3 out of 5 Lifeguards said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands.

Find out for yourself how delightful chewing gum can be. Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum. The chances are *you'll* prefer it, too.



You, too, will sing the praises of Beech-Nut BEECHIES — those tempting squares of candy-coated gum. Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin and Cinnamon.

The yellow package with the red oval . . .

Beech-Nut Gum

. . . with the preferred flavor

W. C. T. U. PRESIDENT IS DEEPLY TOUCHED

EVANSTON, ILL.—I have marked for preservation the last paragraph of Mr. Oursler's Back Page (April 26 Liberty) beginning with the sentence: "Did you ever stop to think of the contrast between the way man works and the way God works?"

I do not know that I have read anything in this present direful world situation that has touched me so deeply and that I would so much like to have everybody read.

It is difficult for us from so many standpoints to still our hearts before God, but Mr. Oursler's last sentence would bring that stillness and calmness and cause us to turn our minds from man to God:

"But in this same springtime God is bringing up from the earth uncounted billions of flowers and grasses, all in a great, sweet silence."

Thanks for writing it and for the vast circulation it has had.—*Ida B. Wise Smith, President, National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.*

NEOPHYTAE JACKASSIUM

JEANERETTE, LA.—"Gasless Sundays." Does this mean that on Sundays the ether will be free of the self-styled international expert who has, by his own expressifications, been classified "Neophytae Jackassium" by the democracies of the world?—*Bud Welch.*

DID NATHAN SEE CIRCUS STANDING ON HIS HEAD?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Some folks are everlastingly dissatisfied with the world as it is and trying to make it over. At least, that's the impression I received from reading Mr. Nathan's article Circus Time (May 31 Liberty).

The burden of his song is that the circus hasn't changed a bit in the last fifty years. Well, neither has Mr. Nathan! He intimates that the "critical bacillus" began stirring in him at about the age of nine, and seemingly he has maintained the pace pretty well ever since.

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POP

Now, just what is his complaint? Primarily it seems to be that the jugglers, acrobats, funambulists, and equestriennes are doing the same acts since before the day that former Vice-President Marshall gave his opinion on "what this country needs." He even intimates that the "elefants" haven't learned to place their paws otherwise than on each other's rumps! In other words, he wants the circus to get new ideas. Which prompts a suggestion: What would Mr. Nathan say to the idea of having the pachyderms arrive at the show grounds by air, landing by means of parachutes? Well, at least it's an idea, even though it might be necessary to provide them with "jiffy pants"!

Somehow, I've always looked at the circus as an institution—clowns, acrobats, *smells*, and all. After all, that is the circus, so why change it? One thing more (and this may be the reason for Mr. Nathan's outlook). When he writes, "I have been looking at it [the circus]—inside, outside, and lying on my belly through a slit in the canvas," he is giving himself the benefit of the doubt.

Personally, I think he was viewing it standing on his head! And maybe that's a new idea, too!—*Leo Rullman.*

OL' SOLDIER'S GOAT

HANNIBAL, MO.—What gets my goat as an ol' soldier is this young Roosevelt gadding all over the world showin' off his two bars, while *the real captains* are at home earning their money. To heck with such stuff! It gives me the bellyache. —*Joe Henderson.*

WHERE MRS. BROWN SWEEPS

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I caught a new vision in Rose L. Brown's poem, I Think While I Sweep (May 17 Vox Pop). Housework is noble!

However, Mrs. Brown sweeps in St. Louis, Missouri, not San Antonio, Texas. She is vice-president of the Eighth District Missouri Federation of Women's Clubs, in St. Louis. Mrs. Brown also edits the Flashlight, monthly publication for the MFWC, here in St. Louis.

How could she be from San Antonio? St. Louis claims her.—*Ruth Aldridge.*

MAXIMUM IN DEFENSE BONDS

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO—In The Real Purpose of Defense Bonds (June 7 Liberty) Walter Karig stated that "the maximum amount any person can purchase of all three defense-savings issues in a year is $105,000 worth, matured value."

May I call your and Mr. Karig's attention to Henry Morgenthau, Jr.'s 1941 Department Circular No. 654, page 3, paragraph 4, which states that the amount of United States Bonds—Series F and Series

"That reminds me of the 4 HIGHS in FIRE-CHIEF gasoline"

HIGH volatility to give you instant starts

HIGH power to breeze you up the hills

HIGH anti-knock to give you velvet smoothness

HIGH mileage to give you savings

You're Welcome AT TEXACO DEALERS

TUNE IN: "Millions For Defense" All Star Radio Program every Wed. night, C.B.S. 9:00 E. D. T., 8:00 E. S. T., 8:00 C. D. T., 7:00 C. S. T., 6:00 M. S. T., 5:00 P. S. T.

TEXACO

"As a dinner meat they're a real winner!"

says MRS. JOE DI MAGGIO

BOTH in the movies (she was Dorothy Arnold before her marriage) and in big-league sports, Mrs. Di Maggio has had a lot of experience recognizing "winners". "I'm not surprised that those new frankfurts are so popular," says Mrs. Di Maggio. "Their grand mild flavor makes a real hit with hearty outdoor appetites."

A dinner favorite with Mrs. Di Maggio: Swift's Premium Frankfurts with creamed mushrooms in crisp toasted bread cases or toast triangles, parsley potatoes, buttered spinach and a fresh green salad. (Simmer frankfurts 5 to 8 minutes and serve.)

SWIFT'S PREMIUM

Tender FRANKFURTS

IN THE NEW LARGER "dinner" size

Made of fine meats — skillfully seasoned

After all, the meats inside *make* the frankfurt. Swift's Premium are made from juicy cuts of choice beef and pork, spiced according to a special Swift recipe.

Skins "tendered" in pineapple juice

Not a trace of pineapple flavor remains but the skins *couldn't* be more delicately tender and still retain the rich, savory meat juices. This new method (patent pending) is exclusive with Swift & Company.

Smoked over fragrant hardwood fires

In the aromatic smoke of real hardwood fires the tender juicy links are "done to a turn" . . . emerge a tempting ruddy brown, lusciously flavored . . . "fit for a king!"

In 2 sizes... Swift's Premium Seal on every fourth link

Spic-and-span kitchens throughout the country also make many "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" table-ready meats . . . Meat Loaf . . . Braunschweiger . . . Cervelat . . . Lunar Loaf . . . Bologna . . . Salami . . . Liver Cheese . . . Cheemeat . . . Pot Roast of Beef . . . Ham, Delicatessen Style. Look for the "SWIFT'S PREMIUM" seal of top quality!

G, or the combined aggregate of both series, to any one person in any one calendar year shall not exceed $50,000 in issue price.

I am calling this to your attention for correction, so that too many people won't be too disappointed and lose faith in Liberty when they find out that the limit of their investment is only $55,000 per year (including Series E) instead of $105,000.—*Flora Rose.*

ALIEN WORKERS' CARDS

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Johan Frederick shows a confused conception of loyalty when he urges the issue of alien workers' cards at five dollars yearly (June 7 Vox Pop). Has he lost his Immigrant's Identification Card, costing ten dollars? Or does he want to prolong the inferiority complex of the immigrant throughout the five years he has to wait for his final naturalization papers? If so, he might as well suggest the compulsory wearing of a badge bearing the word ALIEN in large letters.

It is an affront to American common sense to suggest that the imposition of an un-American employment tax on aliens is likely to inspire them with loyalty to the United States. There are many ways to show one's loyalty and devotion to the country without craving for an unfair tax, however small.—*Jack Koopman.*

WHAT MOST PEOPLE WANT

CANTON, ILL.—Come on, let's have some more good stories, serials or otherwise, about light subjects such as Unexpected Uncle, and Croon of My Delight. These are what most people like to get a magazine for.

Don't saturate Liberty with love affairs in which the Axis boys are lady-killers! —*Mary Jane.*

BEVERLY HILLS' Movie Guide

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ MAN HUNT

Vienna-born Director Fritz Lang put his whole heart into this taut and exciting filming of as relentless a pursuit of a mere human as has ever hit the screen. For the man hunt is all to get an Englishman who dared to stalk Herr Hitler. This, you see, is based on Geoffrey Household's novel, Rogue Male, Dudley Nichols being the celluloid adapter.

(Continued on page 41)

O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER • FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF • WALTER LLOYD ART EDITOR

Liberty

JULY 19, 1941 VOL. 18, NO. 29

WE ARE IN A CIVIL WAR

☆ IT may shock you to know that in the minute that has elapsed since you have picked up this copy of Liberty Magazine and turned to this page, three major crimes have occurred somewhere in the United States!

Every twenty-two seconds, minute in and minute out of the twenty-four hours of all the 365 days, a major crime is done in our enlightened country! The situation gets worse rather than better month by month.

One can only shudder at the following statement appearing in the latest issue of Uniform Crime Reports from the Federal Bureau of Investigation:

"Murders increased 15.4 per cent during the first three months of this year over the first quarter of 1940, according to the police in 349 of the nation's largest cities. Rape increased 5.8 per cent and other felonious assaults, 2.2 per cent."

These are desperate statistics. Unless something is done to curb the growing menace of crime, we may find ourselves in a national catastrophe.

Today our thoughts are turned without rather than within. Our best efforts are being concentrated on national defense and help to embattled democracies. Yet we must remember that, in all our strivings to help England and to defend America from foreign aggression, we still have to confront our domestic dangers.

Indeed, if war is long continued and especially if the United States should become involved, the crime problem may be complicated beyond the power of any one to foresee.

The danger to America from Hitler is hypothetical. It is an "if" danger. No air squadrons will bomb New York *if* Great Britain holds out. No fleet will be turned against the United States in the Atlantic *if* the Royal Navy remains in British hands.

But the dangers to American democracy from the armies of crime are present and frightful realities.

Read that statement again:

"Murders increased 15.4 per cent during the first three months of this year"!

The armies of crime are at our doorstep.

Every year we are calling to camp a million young men drafted for military training. Contrast that class of a million untrained rookies as against another old and seasoned force, one already armed, already trained to shoot—our standing army of five million criminals.

The cost to you and to me as taxpayers to maintain this criminal army is fifteen billion dollars a year. That is 400 per cent more than we spend for education. It exceeds all our taxes. It figures down to $120 a year for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

Today crime and corruption are being advertised by subversive elements in the United States as the greatest single argument against the American way of life. Our crime record is being used as an argument for totalitarianism. As such it is a profound threat to the safety of American liberties. Our criminal army may do what no foreign army may ever be able to do—crime may destroy Americanism altogether.

It is time Americans faced the fact that we are in the midst of a civil war!

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Invitation to thrills! Here's a lively new novel of two young hearts and a sinister mystery

BEGINNING

Murder wit

She sprang forward as the two halves parted and a tiny bit of paper fell out.

Southern Hospitality

BY

LESLIE FORD

READING TIME • 30 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

PART ONE—A LADY'S LOCKET AND A PUZZLED PILGRIMAGE

☆ I DON'T know what would happen if women started taking their husbands' advice, but I know what wouldn't have happened if I'd taken Tom's. I wouldn't have gone to Natchez for the Garden Club Pilgrimage, not with Cornelia Cartwright and Letty Drayton anyway. I wouldn't, moreover, have had my picture in every newspaper in the country as friend of the murdered clubwoman. Nor would I have had to explain the headline, Doctor's Wife Reveals Hidden Love, to everybody who assumed it was *my* hidden love—including, for one uncomfortable moment, Tom himself.

Even before he said, "You must be losing your mind, old girl," I'd begun to have misgivings. It was at a meeting of the State Council of Federated Garden Clubs. The vice-president had been to Natchez and was showing us the movies she'd taken. Cornelia Cartwright, who's president and has what somebody irreverently called a six-corsage bosom, said we all ought to go to Natchez just to see what women with real civic determination could do when they put their minds to it. Of course none of us had to go to Natchez to see that. All we had to do was look at Cornelia. And a little later, when she said she was going herself, and taking a couple of friends to share expenses, it didn't occur to any one that Letty Drayton would be one of them.

I'd always wanted to see Natchez, so when Cornelia asked me to go, I said I'd love to.

"It won't cost us very much," she said. Being the widow of a little man who made a million and a half in fertilizer and died leaving it all to her, Cornelia's petty economies are sometimes hard to take, though not as hard for her friends as for Alec Cartwright, her deceased husband's son by a former marriage. "And I think, my dear," she went on, "I'll take Letty. She comes from Natchez. It'll be a treat for her, the poor thing, and we can stay with her people. I'll just speak to her now."

I glanced across Cornelia's drawing room to where Miss Letty, like a dusty little sparrow molting slightly, was mopping up the loose ends of the day's business. Miss Letty Drayton had been born to be the secretary and maid of all work of any club she belonged to, just as Cornelia Cartwright had been born to be its president. She looked up at Cornelia bearing down on her now and smiled expectantly.

"I've decided to go to Natchez, Letty," Cornelia said.

"You'll love it, Cornelia," Miss Letty said. "The pictures made me just as homesick as anything."

"And I'm going to take you along," Cornelia Cartwright said.

Miss Letty looked up with something more like alarm than joyful surprise.

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "That's awfully nice of you, but I really can't."

"Nonsense," Cornelia said. "I'll pay your expenses."

Miss Letty flushed. "That's very kind of you, Cornelia, but—"

Cornelia Cartwright flushed too. "You're just being silly, Letty," she said sharply. "I should think you'd be delighted to see your family and your old home again."

"Of course, Cornelia. But—"

"Then that settles it. You're going along."

Cornelia turned back to her guests, and Miss Letty gathered her papers together so distressed—out of all proportion—that I felt very sorry for her. When she went upstairs I slipped out and followed her. She was standing in Cornelia's blue guest room, dabbing at her eyes with a sodden handkerchief.

"Don't be upset, Miss Letty," I said. "Don't let her browbeat you into going if you don't want to."

"It isn't that," she said wretchedly. "It's just that . . . well, I'd *like* to go. I haven't been there for . . . for a long time. But Cornelia would expect to . . . to stay with my family. . . . I'll just have to tell her I can't afford to go and can't allow her to pay my way."

"We're driving down, Miss Letty," I said. "It can't cost Cornelia very much."

She hesitated still. "No—I can't," she said. "I really can't. I just haven't got the money."

I had a vague feeling even then that

(Continued on page 36)

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The world's No. 1 fireman tells how he fights a new kind of war

able battlers in action after a bombing raid on London

☆ "FIRE has become the biggest single element in Germany's assault upon Britain," was the emphatic statement with which the British Home Secretary and Secretary of State for Home Security, Herbert Morrison, opened the conversation when I interviewed him in London recently.

There can be no doubt that the success or failure of the coming German attempt at invasion of Britain depends to a large extent upon whether or not Britain can win "the battle of the flames." The commander in chief in this battle is the dynamic cockney Home Secretary who became the first Socialist chairman of the London County Council and who is affectionately known as " 'Erbie" in the London East End.

"The losses we have sustained in the 'battle of the flames' are no less serious than those suffered in the Battle of the Atlantic. Both could affect food supplies as well as war production, although up to now we have succeeded in keeping all fires under control," is the way Mr. Morrison summed it up for me.

I could well realize what he meant, because the night preceding my interview with him I spent in the London County Council Fire Brigade Control Room, which is deep underground in a concrete chamber, and where the Fire General told me that he had had nights when he had to contend with 1,500 fires in the London area alone. After nine months of fire bombing, Britain found herself at the beginning of June faced with a major problem which required a radical solution.

"Catch 'em in your teeth and spit 'em out!" became Morrison's slogan for the fire-bomb spotters. But what was needed, and needed immediately, was not only inspiration but also organization. Mr. Morrison, or "London's Little Flower," as he is sometimes also called, supplied both. Until then, fire fighting had been the responsibility of no less than 1,400 local authorities. "I am reorganizing and co-ordinating these into fifty large fire brigades," he told me, and he admitted that he had no illusions as to the meaning of this task. With typical traditional independence, each British local authority, each city, town, and village in England has its own special and highly individual fire apparatus.

"You will understand what this means," he said, "when I tell you that there are at least five hundred different types of hydrants throughout England." I did understand only too well what that meant. It meant, for instance, that if Bristol asks for reinforcements from near-by Bath to fight a particularly heavy bomb assault, the hoses of the Bath fire brigade are as likely as not to fail to fit the Bath hydrants! One of the first things Mr. Morrison did was to supply each brigade with adapters which could be used for different types of hose.

Another problem was what to do with the local fire chiefs who were very jealous of their privileges and positions. Mr. Morrison quickly realized that a "fire blitz" is something that requires the initiative and quick thinking of adaptable young men. He was rather reticent about this aspect of his herculean task. He told me that he had just appointed a chief of staff and an inspector general who were to whip the 80,000 full-time firemen and the 150,000 part-time auxiliary firemen into fighting shape, so that there would be, as he put it, "no third Great Fire of London."

Mr. Morrison suggested that he would rather not talk to me about his functions as Home Secretary until "the battle of the flames is won, as it no doubt will be won. . . ."

In his capacity as Secretary of State for Home Affairs, this skilled Labor parliamentarian who was the first man to put the London City government on a modern basis, heads the oldest British department of State. Under his jurisdiction come the police as well as Scotland Yard. The Home Office also supervises the internment of "enemy aliens during wartime." Going into great detail of how the internal peace and security of Britain has been organized, the Home Secretary, a Puckish red-haired dynamo, summarized his policy to me as follows: "Enemy aliens have been one of our major problems. I have been trying to be as liberal about it as possible. I had to arrest all those Fascists who were dangerous because of their rank in the Fascist hierarchy. The small fry—and most of those," he said with a broad grin, "are weak-minded anyway—I have let go."

Evidently Britain's Home Secretary believes that most of her domestic Fascists are morons, for of some 500 British nationals of Italian origin, 250 have been released, while of the 700 interned members of the British Union of Fascism, now commonly referred to as the B. Fs., or Bloody Fools, 400 have been released.

"At any rate, I know where they are. They have to report to the police regularly, and so long as they behave themselves I'll let 'em stay out," was Mr. Morrison's final remark on that subject. Then he talked to me at length about the difficult problem of German refugees in England. He said, "In the beginning we had, of course, to be very careful, in order to see that no spies were running around loose. I have liberated most of the German refugees who were arrested at the outbreak of the war, but it was necessary for them to prove to me their anti-Fascist political work in Germany. On that basis I have always been willing to release them. Furthermore, I have given all refugees a chance to volunteer for the Pioneer Corps. This is a sort of labor army operating in civil defense, in clearing away the debris after every bombing attack. I am very happy to be able to tell you that some of these refugees have done yeoman service in civil defense."

Of the Communists Mr. Morrison spoke only briefly. He said that he had one or two under arrest but that he did not consider them a problem. He added that the same was true of alien women, and that only those definitely under suspicion had been interned.

With the nation fighting for its life, the British press remains absolutely free, and the amount of criticism to be found in it daily is evidence that the British people refuse to put their civil liberties in cold storage for the duration. It is true that the Communist Daily Worker and several Fascist publications have been suppressed. This was done, however, not because of opinions expressed in these publications but because they committed acts of sedition by printing material which constituted valuable information for the enemy. The Communist Party as such is not suppressed and remains represented by one lone member in Parliament. Although political processions in the London area have been prohibited by Mr. Morrison, Hyde Park Corner still remains the world's most famous debating society. Here on a recent Sunday afternoon I heard speaking at the same time, one hundred feet from one another, a Communist, a Socialist, a Conservative, a Catholic Truth Society member, a Protestant Truth Society member, a Seventh Day Adventist, a Salvation Army orator, and a weird-looking individual who insisted that he was a spiritualist. There was a crowd of several thousand people dividing their attention among these speakers. A lonely London bobby was calmly walking up and down. I asked him, "What do you think of it?" "No harm done, sir; they're all a bit balmy. Meanwhile we'll get on with it," he said. That London bobby's voice seemed to me to be the voice of Britain.

Herbert Morrison is the cockney incarnate. Although a member of the Cabinet, he remains a great labor leader. As such, he continues to fight for his people. This is the way he summed up his political position to me: "The trade-unions do not want to profiteer by the war, but they want a square deal. They are going to see to it that no liberties are taken with them. But, on the other hand, labor knows that it has just as much interest in victory as anybody else. As far as war and peace aims are concerned, we've got to win this war first. We simply have got to. It's the first thing to be done. And then"—Mr. Morrison waved his arms expansively—"there are going to be two dangers after the war. War creates fundamental changes in the national economy. The purpose of industry changes. There is a diversion of labor into different trades. There may be a revolution in production. Man power must be changed from one trade into another.

"We are going to win the war all right, but to win the peace may be even more difficult. To win this peace will require greater political ability, greater political integrity, greater statesmanship than conducting the war itself. We have got to plan for the purpose of assuring a living for everybody. The dangerous consequences of war are that if you get a combination of economic, industrial, and social dislocation and weak, vacillating political leadership, you get Fascism. That is what happened in Germany and in Italy. There is no danger of Fascism in England or America *now*, but there would be a danger of Fascism in both countries if solutions to these problems were not ready.

"It must be said that never before have the rich been so willing to be taxed; but the test," Mr. Morrison warned, "will come when they are asked to make the same sacrifices for peace that they have made for war. These sacrifices are essential. The rich must be as willing to sacrifice as much for peace as they are now sacrificing for war."

THE END

The Battle of the Thames

BY JOHANNES STEEL

INTERNATIONAL REPORTER AND RADIO COMMENTATOR

who may be heard every night at 7.45 P. M., E.D.T., over WMCA

"Fifteen minutes, you understand." The lieutenant consulted his watch. "Now get out!"

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

The Pleasure is all yours

The crackling tale of a raider that prowled the sea—and encountered a grim surprise

BY ALBERT RICHARD WETJEN

☆ THEY sighted her first a little after dawn, lying dead ahead and rolling slowly on the greenish tropic calm. She was a big ship—a passenger vessel, from her tiered decks—and she was riding so light and high in the water a generous span of her red boot-topping showed each time she lifted. The name on her bow was ALCAZAR, painted in heavy white letters, and on her stern the port of registry was given as Lisbon. She was flying the Portuguese flag for good measure, while from halyards above her bridge there were flapping several code flags that informed the world she was disabled and would they please stand by. Curiously enough, neither Captain Murray nor Mr. Gorton, the chief officer of the Fairfax, were interested in the distress signal of the flags. They had their glasses focused on the other ship's stern, a rounded cruiser stern that hinted speed. And after a while they saw what they wanted.

"From the size of the patch she must have had nearly her whole quarter shot away," said Captain Murray. He was a compact square-built man with a face of impassive leather. "It's our only sure clue to her identity. They've dabbed it over pretty well with that faked cruiser stern, but it sticks out a mile if you know where to look."

"Aye, there's little doubt of it," said Mr. Gorton. "It's the Krandorff all right." He lowered his glasses. "So what do we do, sir? She's flagging us to stand by and she'll send a boat."

"That's what we're here for," said Captain Murray quietly. He touched the crisp mustache above his firm jaw and his gray eyes were hard. "Ring her down, Mr. Gorton." He walked to the bridge wing while his chief officer stopped the Fairfax, and he inspected again the big vessel lying ahead. He felt he had to compliment her skipper. He'd done a good job, tricking out his ship. Except for her size, you'd never guess she was the Krandorff; never guess she could crack twenty-four knots, had a dozen guns hidden somewhere in the fake lifeboat nests and along the camouflaged upper promenade. She probably had a couple of torpedo tubes as well, but that was a matter of doubt. The late-lamented Caracul had sworn she'd been tin-fished, but a low shell in the night might give the same impression. Still, the survivors of the Madrone had reported a torpedo, too. They were lucky to survive to report anything. The Krandorff's record was a little murky as regarded captives.

"The boat's coming over, sir," said Mr. Gorton beside him; and Captain Murray nodded and, being an immaculate man, carefully straightened his tie and pulled down the cuffs of his uniform jacket.

"Very well, Mr. Gorton. We'll go down on the main deck and meet the party. The men know their orders?"

"They've been instructed enough, sir."

"I know, I know! But this is ticklish work. . . . I hope Sparks doesn't make any errors. If he so much as touches his radio, we're done."

"I don't think I'd worry," said Mr. Gorton. He patted his comfortable stomach as if to reassure himself. "We're all pretty keen to see it through, sir."

"If we only get the breaks," the captain prayed. "If we only do! . . . This is war! Keep your fingers crossed, Mr. Gorton."

They went down to the main deck together as the other ship's boat swung alongside and her bowman caught a flung line. The very way the boat was packed was enough to give her away, Captain Murray thought. You didn't need twelve men and two officers just to come over and discuss a matter of disablement. It was true all the men were rigged out in proper merchantman style, but you could hardly miss the smart discipline of the rowing, nor the stiff military set of the officers' shoulders. Captain Murray marveled a little that they should bother to keep up any pretense. He supposed it was just the nature of the beast and they thought they were convincing. As if it mattered much! Things were breaking so well he felt like praying.

The two officers came over the rail, followed by their men, and the leading officer saluted. A tall, lithe, lean man with a humorless smile, hard blue eyes, and the telltale saber marks on his face. His English was perfect, and the stiff attitude of hand to cap, heels clicked together, the body bent a little was ominously uncompromising.

"It is regrettable to trouble you, captain, but we need help. A most distressing voyage. Engines disabled for two solid weeks and our wireless completely out of commission."

Captain Murray shook his head and swallowed a dry retort. It was pretty hard to keep face. They were two grown men and why should they play a boys' game? War, war, war! Of course! "I understand, sir," he managed. "Perhaps I could tow you . . . or radio for a tow. . . . I'm sure . . ."

"We can manage ourselves," said the other easily. "Please remain still!" He had an automatic in one hand now and it was pointed at Captain Murray's stomach. The captain's lips tightened and he carefully touched his mustache.

"I see how it is," he agreed stiffly, and the other man barked a sharp command. The remaining officer saluted, beckoned four men, and went amidships to the radio room. The noise they made as they wrecked it was quite plain. Captain Murray considered it quite admirable, how they knew exactly where to go and what to do. They probably had a complete plan of the Fairfax. Efficiency—a remarkable thing. The leading officer was speaking again:

"Yes, I'm afraid you're taken, captain. I'm Lieutenant von Forte, acting on Captain Langden's instructions." He gave a thin smile and was pleased with himself. "You did not know the Krandorff, eh? You are very stupid, you people, at times."

"How should we know her?" asked Captain Murray wonderingly. He looked properly astonished. "You fly the Portuguese flag and say you are

disabled . . . and then, anyway, it is known the Krandorff has no cruiser stern and has two funnels."

"A little matter of alteration to coax you in," the lieutenant explained. He laughed and repeated the joke to the men beside him, and they laughed too. "We had no wish to alarm you so you'd send a call. I might say, in fact, that if you'd tried it you'd have had a shell in your wireless room . . . so fast . . ." He shrugged. "Our operators were listening . . . in case you made that mistake."

Captain Murray straightened his tie and smiled a little. He had a twisted leathery smile when he was mad, and he was mad now. He did not mind so much being a captive of war, but he resented it being a matter of jest. "I take it you wanted my ship intact, then," he said acidly.

"Of course," agreed Lieutenant Forte. He toyed with a silver whistle and inclined his head toward the Krandorff. "We're badly in need of water and supplies," he said candidly. "Your damned patrols have kept us running for the past month. To tell you the truth, we've been waiting for you for some days."

"You seem to have had good information as to my course and cargo."

"Our information," said the lieutenant dryly, "is always excellent and invariably reliable. . . . But we're wasting time."

Captain Murray nodded and looked at his first officer. "The ship is a prize, Mr. Gorton," he said evenly. "You will kindly tell the men to make no useless resistance."

Mr. Gorton held his captain's eyes for a long moment, and the captain gave an imperceptible nod. "As you say, sir," Mr. Gorton agreed, and went away. Lieutenant Forte looked after him and laughed. "An obvious decision, captain. No resistance." He was sarcastic. "Still, to give you some inducement, I promise you will be allowed to use the boats if your men give no trouble and work as they're told." He faced briskly outboard and blew his whistle.

☆ IMMEDIATELY the Krandorff woke to activity as if a signal had released coiled springs. Men swarmed on her decks. False bulkheads and boat nests went down or were slid aside, and a bristle of guns appeared. Theatrical and quite unnecessary, Captain Murray thought, but he supposed it was to impress him. He might have some scheme in mind to scuttle the Fairfax and cheat her captor out of her cargo. Such things happened. And the threat of the naked guns could only mean that in that event no man would live to talk of the scuttling.

"We'll transfer your freight," the lieutenant was saying. "Using your crew in the holds . . . under supervision, of course. Our own boats will handle transshipping."

"You've smooth weather for the job," the captain commented, and the other gave a short laugh. "We try to arrange it," he said. "Could have intercepted you four days ago, but the swell was pretty ugly then. . . . You will remain on the bridge with your officers until we've finished."

Captain Murray went back to the lower bridge without further comment, and one by one his officers joined him. Even the engineers had been sent up out of the way, with three armed men to guard them all. Mr. Gorton touched the captain's arm.

"Should be all right, sir. The men know what to do. We couldn't ask anything better than to have them working in the holds."

"Yes, we've the breaks so far," the captain agreed. He looked at his wrist watch. "Timed for thirty-six hours, weren't we? That should be enough. If the luck holds, the Krandorff should be loaded and away by then."

"D'you think they'll take us prisoners, sir?" inquired the chief engineer uneasily.

Captain Murray shook his head. "I hope not. I fancy they're not feeding any more than they have to, being on the run. But that's the chance. We all knew what we were going into."

"I'm not complaining," said the chief hastily. "I was just wondering."

The captain straightened his tie. "You might spend the time praying instead," he said dryly.

☆ TWO boatloads of men to supervise things came over from the Krandorff, now maneuvered closer to the Fairfax. There was still too much swell to lay the ships right alongside, but the boat hauls were short and the raider was working with all she could put in the water. Captain Murray estimated she must be carrying over five hundred men, which was a larger crew than had been supposed. He and his officers made themselves as comfortable as possible on the lower bridge, where an awning kept out the direct heat of the sun. They were not allowed below, and no one bothered about feeding them. It was not until late afternoon, when Captain Murray protested heatedly, that Lieutenant Forte sent up some tinned beef and a case of ship's biscuits. His own men were fed from the galley, and the aroma of hot food made the marooned officers swear.

"Never mind," soothed Captain Murray. "It's all part of the game."

"If there isn't a slip," said Mr. Gorton.

"There shouldn't be a slip,"observed the captain. "Not now. We got the first break when they stopped us instead of just opening fire. I know we'd planned on that, but there was always a chance they'd get an inkling."

He did not care to elaborate before his officers just how much he had been worrying about that inkling. The Krandorff worked on information that was uncannily accurate. She seemed to know what convoys were too heavily escorted for her to tackle; she had had astonishing luck in picking off lone ships; she had cleverly evaded all patrols and only once had been deceived by a camouflaged vessel sent to trap her. That was the time she had had her stern almost blown away and, but for the fact a lucky shell of hers had smashed the attacker's steering gear, she would have ended her career rather ingloriously. As it was, she persisted, and her information sources seemed to persist, too. Not even fake information trapped her. Some one on the inside, our inside, the captain thought, was in touch with her and only letting the real stuff out. He'd be caught sooner or later, of course, but in the meantime the Krandorff was doing entirely too well.

☆ LIEUTENANT FORTE came on the bridge after a while, scowling and angry. "You were to carry two hundred cases of tinned mutton in number one hold," he snapped. "In the shelter deck. It's not there."

"I'll have to get my manifest," started Captain Murray, but the lieutenant waved papers and swore. "I've a copy of your manifest," he snarled. "Was the stuff loaded?"

Mr. Gorton lighted a cigarette and said, "May I see your copy, sir?" The lieutenant handed it over, and the chief officer studied it with growing astonishment. It was almost as accurate a manifest as his own. "The cased mutton was transferred to number four, 'tween decks," he muttered, dazed. "On account of the case oil in the shelter deck for'ard."

"That's what I wished to know," said the lieutenant, and stamped away. Mr. Gorton stared at Captain Murray.

"Every damned thing listed," he said, awed. "Even down to the emergency store under the poop deck."

"Efficiency," agreed the captain. "You have to give them credit."

Well, he'd expected them to be accurate about the cargo. Intelligence had been at pains to see the news drifted around—as they'd arranged for details of the course and such to leak away. The ticklish part was whether the carefully guarded fact the crew was hand-picked had trickled out and, more important, if the Fairfax's exact purpose were known. Apparently that secret had not leaked, at least. Only four men had known it anyway, including himself and Mr. Gorton. The rest of the crew had not been informed until the ship was well at sea. Well, the breaks so far had run as required. He couldn't complain.

The Krandorff slung aboard boatload after boatload of the Fairfax's cargo. Canned meats, fruits, case oil; timber that would be handy for further camouflaging. Even the ship's new cordage and canvas and paint were taken, and the hot sun set on the oily sea and the work went forward by the light of a great orange moon and innumerable electric clusters, while the Krandorff played twin searchlights to aid the crossing boats.

There was nothing for Captain Murray nd his officers to do. They smoked and paced up and down, discussing the matter this way and that until they ran dry of words. They fretted at the inactivity, at the sticky heat, and the complacent whirring of the raider's

(Continued on page 55)

BY
MAHATMA GANDHI

A great man of India sends a stirring message of faith to a world beset by war

Why I Believe in God and Prayer

READING TIME • 5 MIN. 15 SEC.

☆ I AM a firm believer in prayer. Of all things, it has been the most important to me in my life, the surest staff on which to lean. It is my advice to any who come to me in confusion or weakness or with a problem that is driving them to despair. For I believe that it has not only a spiritual but also a concrete, practical value.

Prayer is all too commonly regarded as a pious ritual, an easy and respectable habit, or even as a form of insurance. Considered in this light, it is meaningless; for the act itself is empty. Its tremendous inherent power lies entirely in what is given to it and the quality of the faith from which it comes. The mere attitude of worship, a mere sinking to the knees and bowing of the head, is without significance and devoid of value.

I have been asked what has made me so profound a believer in its virtues and efficacy. I know myself fairly well. By nature I am timid and anything but a brave man. I should never have been able to face certain crises with courage nor endure them with fortitude had it not been for prayer. Perhaps the most dramatic example I can remember is something that occurred a good many years ago in South Africa.

There was at that time a law directed expressly against Indians in South Africa, and I had come there to oppose it. My ship was met by a hostile mob and I was advised to stay on board for the sake of my physical safety, for the crowd of men had come with the announced intention of lynching me. I went ashore nevertheless. I was stoned and kicked and beaten a good deal; but I had prayed for the courage to face the mob, and that courage came and did not fail me.

I do not mean by this that I regard myself as particularly favored by the Divinity and able always to obtain that for which I ask; should I be so foolish, whatever strength I have found in prayer would at once be lost to me. I believe, instead, that prayer has brought me only an infinitesimal portion of what it would bring me were my faith more perfect and my devotion more complete. The weakness is not in prayer; it is in the individual who prays.

Prayer implies and demands belief in God; not necessarily belief in God as He is interpreted by one special religion or one sect of that religion, but belief in the existence of Divinity, a wholehearted and firm belief without intellectual reservations.

But, the skeptic says, how can any intelligent man sincerely believe in the existence of an all-powerful, wise, and merciful God when such cruel and senseless things are committed on earth as we see around us today? How can we reconcile these, he asks, with the conception of Divinity? Is not prayer therefore demonstrably worthless?

Let us consider this familiar argument and attempt to answer in their own terms those who advance it. It appears to me that, whether or not they realize it, they are saying in effect that the Divinity is to be blamed for all horror and slaughter and oppression.

But is it not profoundly significant that we are able to recognize these things for the crimes that they are, rather than blandly accepting them without condemnation? In the final analysis, what is it that enables us

(Continued on page 43)

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

Queen Louella

the Private Life

☆ SINCE the late alleged all-out war between Citizen Hearst and Citizen Welles over Citizen Kane—which didn't turn out to be much of a war, after all—the name of Citizen Louella Parsons, Hollywood's first columnist, has become almost as well known to us movie fans as those of the cinema cuties about whose lives and loves she daily tells the world.

But it shouldn't be supposed that this is the first time that our "Lolly" has been to the Hollywood wars.

It is nearly two decades now since anybody who knew his way around the celluloid world has ventured to plan a picture or a party, a marriage or a divorce, an adoption or even a birth, without first consulting Queen Louella and getting her blessing or her curse.

Orson Welles didn't know about this old Hollywood custom. He is a young man and has much to learn. So he ups and spends $800,000 of RKO stockholders' money on a picture the leading character in which appears to some to resemble Miss Parsons' famous sponsor, the Sage of San Simeon. And everything is going just fine for young Mr. Welles when up Lolly pops, and before nightfall all Hollywood is crying, "Orson, stay thy hand!"

It now appears that Mr. Hearst had very sensibly not concerned himself with the matter at all, and that the whole fuss had been stirred up by a lot of Hollywood sycophants who were trying to curry favor with Louella, and who never did like Orson anyway.

By now, I presume, some sort of negotiated peace has been arranged between the blitzing forces, and Louella has been able to go back to her typewriter, her microphone, and her $3,300-a-week personal-appearing. But there was at the time, you will recall, a heck of a row—and Louella, finding herself in the middle of it, had the time of her life.

Miss Parsons' husband, "my favorite doctor," jolly Harry Martin, is the hardy perennial of California boxing commissioners; so it is quite in the family tradition to describe his wife's career by saying that there hasn't been a good fight in Hollywood in years at which our Lolly, while seemingly engaged in her routine journalistic task of reporting the progress of the battle blow by blow, hasn't been actually the third man in the ring and all three of the judges.

It was eighteen years ago when the power of Louella's syndicated column of movie gossip first made itself felt among the cinema big boys. Since her reign began a new generation has grown up in Hollywood; but her power has never been seriously threatened. As she moves majestically through her supercolossal domain, associate producers topple off their polo ponies and their girl friends shake in their sables.

Louella's birth, one of the few really gay events of the Gay Nineties, occurred in the town of Freeport, Illinois, and in a well-to-do Freeportian family of German-Irish descent. Her father died while the Louella was a youngster. The family fortunes died with him. Lolly got a part-time job writing society jottings. Five dollars a week.

At seventeen the little Oettinger girl—that's what the "O" stands for in "L. O. P."—married John Parsons, realtor, who took her to live in Burlington, Iowa. Fruit of the mating was Harriet Parsons, known to millions of Hearstians as "Parsons, Jr." Captain John Parsons died in 1919, a victim of the World War, after having spent months in a hospital in France.

Lolly was back in the newspaper business, this time in Chicago, and with a small daughter to support—on nine dollars a week—wrote scenarios at night and after repeated failures sold one to George Spoor, Chicago producer, which so impressed the Ess of Essanay that he gave her a job as story editor at eighteen dollars a week. (Present-day story editors of studios of Essanay's then importance make $1,000 a week and up!)

From that she turned to movie columning, having persuaded her friend, the famous Jim Keeley, who had just gone over from the Chicago Tribune to the Record-Herald, to give her a chance at it in the latter paper. For some time thereafter Lolly chirped and chattered to her heart's content, and to her pocket's content, too. In fact, she had reached the queenly figure of forty-five per when along came a man named Hearst, who bought the paper and told Lolly that her column was good but only twenty-five-a-week good.

In this crucial moment Lolly had her last week's pay, some rings her mother had left her, and the rather sizable diamond John Parsons had given her. So she told Mr. Hearst to take his twenty-five-a-week job and go to wherever he pleased with it; she was going to New York.

There, after getting down to her last pawn ticket, she wangled a job on the Morning Telegraph, where one of her early assignments was to review a picture starring Marion Davies. Within the year she was Miss Davies' most valued friend and, once again, Mr. Hearst's most valued movie columnist—at $250 a week instead of twenty-five!

In her twenty-five years of writing about the movies, eighteen for Hearst in Hollywood, she has won varying estimates of her ability—from "America's pain in the neck" to Mr. Hearst's own tribute on his autographed photo: "To the best Louella in the world, to the only Louella, from her friend and admirer, William Randolph Hearst." So far as this humble biographer goes, he is frank to admit that he has been inclined, at various times, to agree with both estimates. But, in either role, he admires Louella tremendously for two things.

She has been a swell mother. Starting at nine dollars a week, she gave her child the invaluable background of a decent home and, when the time came, the educational advantages of the country's finest schools. The resulting relationship is one of the most refreshing things in all Hollywood.

She has been a swell worker, too. Louella would be the last to pretend that she had the literary touch. But we can pass over, as millions have seemed willing to do, what have been called "her gay illiteracies." Suppose she does make up her own quotations from the classics instead of looking them up in Bartlett, the way more leisurely writers do, why should she worry? Her job is to dish Hollywood dirt, and not to do so if it seems best, and she does both supremely.

If accuracy is not Louella's forte—

Close-up! A blithe, revealing chronicle of what's behind a remarkable Hollywood career

f Columnist Parsons

and there are plenty to say it isn't—the fault is not with her pipe lines for information, which are almost as many and as far-reaching as those old John D. Rockefeller set up for oil. She works with three secretaries and three telephones and a teletype machine, and keeps all seven going full tilt most of the time. None of the big boys do anything important without calling Lolly to see what she thinks of it.

"With such co-operation," wrote one observer, "it is hard to understand how she can be wrong so often, unless it can be that the tops of the industry are a little gummed up too."

As for the actors and actresses over whom she has long held the power of life and death, they stand in line with their nickels, waiting for a chance to call Lolly and tell her the *most* intimate things. The really important ones she has under solemn promise not to take the smallest step in their professional or love life without first giving her a buzz.

Moreover, there isn't an important person in the whole cinema colony who would think of giving a party without putting Lolly and the man she calls "Docky" at the top of the guest list. And on such occasions Lolly works like a ferret. Other people give the parties; Louella makes them pay.

The most profitable party of all, however, was one which she herself gave, on the radio—Hollywood Hotel.

Lolly had long had a shrewd notion about cashing in on her ability to commandeer movie stars as radio attractions. In Hollywood Hotel she found the answer to all her prayers.

She got the stars in return for the exploitation their appearances gave their current releases, of which they gave radio dramatizations. The scheme worked beautifully. The actors gave and gave and they didn't cost the sponsors a cent. Lolly collected and collected. The studios were tickled over the publicity their pictures got. The sponsors inundated the country with soup. Then the bubble burst.

But not before one of the major Hollywood studios had paid Louella a reported $50,000 for appearing as a cinematic character named "Louella Parsons" in a film called, of all things, Hollywood Hotel.

Mary Pickford, whose friendship with Miss Parsons had withstood all strains, was induced to write a review of the picture. Wrote critic Mary of actress Lolly:

"I enjoyed every minute. Louella plays herself in the film, and a very pretty and slender and charming self. In fact, Louella is just the same as her many friends in Hollywood know her to be—and I claim that is pretty nice."

And that was "pretty nice" of Mary, too, considering everything, especially the use of that most valued of feminine descriptives, "slender." Louella is indubitably pretty, with a live youthful face and great glowing dark eyes, but slenderness she has seldom attained. When one is entertained so royally and so continually, it is almost impossible to adhere to a Spartan diet. Anyhow, Miss Parsons doesn't.

It was therefore, as we have said, "pretty nice" of Mary to emphasize actress Parsons' cinematic slenderness, and it was pretty tough that the only real setback to Lolly Parsons' prestige should have occurred in a controversy which found her and her long-time friend and admirer on different sides of the Hollywood fence.

For Mary went on a sponsored radio program called Parties at Pickfair. Having no newspaper column to hold over the heads of her radio guests and also entertaining the old-fashioned notion that an artist is worthy of his hire, she began paying $1,000 and up for personal appearances which Louella was getting for nothing.

The actual competition offered by Parties at Pickfair was of short duration, but the controversy it developed gave the burgeoning Screen Actors Guild an idea. Why should actors and actresses work for nothing when a columnist got paid $2,250 a week just for introducing them and sponsors were getting a $30,000 program for $12,500? What no individual actor had dared to say even privately the all-powerful organization of actors threatened to say publicly and loudly.

(*Continued on page 44*)

"—and I do mean you, the most stuck-up girl in town, who stands in doorways trailing people like a detective!"

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

Footsteps Behind Her

Now a bewildered girl, left alone and haunted by fear, undertakes the strangest manhunt in fiction

BY MITCHELL WILSON

☆ JO LANG, music teacher, runs away from Hickok, Nevada, after some very unpleasant publicity concerning herself and a student to whom she gave a cigarette. On an eastbound bus she meets Dick Stowe, an aviation engineer bound for the New York office of his firm. The two become friendly with an elderly couple—the only people on the bus besides themselves who are not on their way to a millers' convention—and when Jo gets off at St. Paul the couple continue the journey with Dick.

Her business in St. Paul finished, Jo flies to New York and arrives in time to meet Dick's bus. The couple alight, but no Dick. She starts to speak to them, but they look straight through her as though they had never seen her before. Then, suddenly, she notices that the old man is carrying Dick's bag! Suspicion and fear seize her. Have these two old people, for some unknown reason, done away with Dick?

She follows the man and sees him give the bag to a mannish-looking woman, who goes off in a taxi. All that day she has the uncomfortable sensation of being followed. Once she catches a stout man watching her closely while she is in a telephone booth, trying in vain to reach Dick at his company's New York office.

That night, playing at a wedding reception with a trio organized by Ann Cabrini, a fellow lodger at her boardinghouse, she sees the man again—and also the old lady of the bus. But recognition comes too late; the man has already given Jo a drugged drink. Through a haze, she hears him offer to see her home, and knows no more until she awakens next morning in her own room and finds that it and her suitcase have been searched.

She rushes to the Corbus Company, Dick's firm, and discovers that he has arrived. He takes her aside and tells her that the police are after her, that the company believes she has stolen a valuable paper from him. It seems that, on the bus, she picked up an empty envelope that fell from Dick's bag and wrote his address on the flap. On the envelope, unknown even to Dick, was a design, in invisible ink, of an important plane part. The couple on the bus wanted it and drugged Dick and stole his bag. Only when he arrived in New York did he learn the envelope's significance. Now, he says, if Jo will just give it back to him—

But Jo hasn't got it! She recalls that, at the wedding, she tore off the flap and gave the rest of the envelope to the bridegroom, who wanted to make a note of an address.

Jo and Dick set out to find the bridegroom—and they do. Alone, in a room in a cheap hotel off Broadway, with a knife in his body!

They search for the envelope—realizing all the while that if they are discovered with the dead man they will be suspected of murder—but they cannot find it. Dick finally decides to go to Wharton, of his firm, and tell him the whole story. In the meantime, Jo is to go to a movie for half an hour, then return to her boardinghouse and wait in her room until she hears from him.

Dick has left the hotel lobby and Jo is just about to leave when she sees two people going out the revolving door. She recognizes them—and stops in her tracks in terror!

PART FIVE—NIGHTMARE IN MANHATTAN

☆ GOING through the door was the bald man who had drugged Jo the night before, and with him was the square, heavy-set woman who had taken Dick's valise from the old man.

They were going out of the building with the casual stride of people who had some place to go but the business to be transacted there would be of no importance. Their expressions, their movements matched exactly those of all the other pedestrians—the quiet, docile self-contemplation of the urban millions who can walk the streets as though they walked alone down country roads.

Jo found herself following them, almost as if she were a bobbing bottle sucked along in the wake of a ship. But it was the obvious thing to do.

(Continued on page 48)

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

Inside Germany Today

ZWEIPEKELVORIN EINFARBESECHS ENGELFLUG PATERKERLEVOLLE AUSSENAMTBESUCH FUENFAMERKATTE ROTESBUNTENMAKEL PUDELROTESKEGEL KLAUSMANN

☆ THIS string of apparently meaningless words—meaningless even in German—formed part of a fairly lengthy radiogram from Europe received by me on Monday morning, June 2. It arrived "in the clear," or uncensored, even though it was anything but clear on the surface. The reason why it did so, and why it came through in the ordinary time of transit, is that it was dated from Vaduz, the tiny capital of the principality of Liechtenstein, on the border of Switzerland and only a few miles south of Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance.

Had the dispatch been filed at almost any other telegraph office in Europe, it very probably would have either been delayed or suppressed by the official censor simply because of the jargon it contained—jargon to any one but an expert at finding hidden meanings in words classified as "code." But little Liechtenstein still remains a neutral state, despite the Nazi empire that embraces its frontiers. The radio operator at Vaduz obviously was interested only in the mechanical side of his job.

My associate in America, who is amazingly adept in matters of this character, passed almost an entire night deciphering the message. Early in the decoding process, however, it became clear that, while date-lined Vaduz, its origin actually was in Berchtesgaden in Upper Bavaria, notorious as the home of Adolf Hitler. It was further apparent that the sender of the dispatch had arrived in neutral Liechtenstein direct from Berchtesgaden. He had come even from inside the Berghof, that lofty fabulous roost of the Nazi war lord overlooking the Austrian Alps. My courier, needless to say, has seen the Berghof for the last time.

The dispatch contained the customary ritualistic description of Berchtesgaden's impressive beauties, of the Berghof's grimly fortified exterior and of its luxurious interior, all of which is omitted from this article for the simple reason that the remainder of the radiogram contained news of startling importance. This news, in brief, was the story of Rudolf Hess and his flight from Germany, as revealed by Hitler, Göring, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Goebbels, and others in the Nazi hierarchy from within the Berghof walls, where they assembled to discuss the unfortunate denouement of the Hess affair on the moors of Scotland.

I now present the decoding formula on that portion of my radiogram shown at the beginning of this article. Except where an individual word in this string of apparent jargon made sense in itself, it was necessary to separate each word into thirds. Thus the first word became *Zwei Pekel Vorin*. The *Zwei* of course was understandable, but the *Pekel* and *Vorin* were translated from the personal code, long since arranged between the sender, who must remain anonymous until the war is over, and my American associate. Decoded into actual German, the original message then read:

Zwei *— erbrachte Vorschlaege — Friedensbotschaftuebersbringung . . .* ***Ein*** *— Untersuchungsuebernahme — sechs . . .* ***Engelflug*** [as in the original] *. . . Nachbedachter Vorbereitung—ueberlassene Korrespondenz—dargestellte Tatsachen . . .* ***Aussenamtbesuch*** [as in the original] *. . .* ***Fuenf****—festgestelltes Verschwinden — wichtige Urkundenvorbereitung . . .* ***Rotes*** *— konkrete Vorschlaege — Genossenschaftsabkommen . . . Vorstehende Schwierigkeiten —* ***rotes*** *— vorherige Mitteilung durch. . . .* ***Klausmann.***

The final word—Klausmann—is the signature. However, it is a false name, and the real name cannot be traced from this dispatch. Both the owner and my American associate are far too clever to make that mistake.

And now for the final translation into English:

Two [Göring, the Number Two Nazi]—made the suggestion that—should be represented as bringing peace proposal. One [Hitler] took over the investigation from Six [Himmler]. Flight to England—was made after careful preparation—as proven by correspondence left—it is definitely proven . . . that visit of Foreign Ministry took place . . . Five [Ribbentrop] —established the disappearance of—important preliminary documents. . . . Red [Moscow]—was to receive concrete proposals—regarding a treaty of alliance . . . trouble is on the way—red [from Moscow]—remainder as previously communicated through. . . . Klausmann.

This would seem to be ample illustration of the direct method employed in dragging out of Berchtesgaden the answers to questions asked by millions ever since the Hess story first startled the world.

How "Klausmann" arrived at Berchtesgaden and got into the Berghof must also remain a secret. To obtain a visitor's permit is practically impossible. It would have to be signed by Heinrich Himmler, chief of the Gestapo, who has been charged with responsibility for Adolf Hitler's person ever since the bomb explosion in the Munich Bürgerbraukeller — in which, I am informed, Himmler himself had a hand. From what I have learned, via my own "grapevine" route from Upper Bavaria, no permits have been issued for the past six months, except to visiting foreign diplomats and other celebrities who entered the Berghof at Hitler's personal invitation or command.

However, a loophole exists. If one happens to be related to, or a close friend of, some member of Hitler's household or personal retinue—a stenographer or chambermaid or lackey, or even the steward in charge of Hitler's Holstein cows—he will experience no particular trouble in getting inside the Berghof. Once within, if he exercises discretion and unobtrusiveness, he has the run of the place. The authority of the Gestapo stops at the Berghof gates. I cannot now indicate what courtier, groom, or maid in waiting was a relative of Klausmann. Indeed, I may not say whether his unmolested sojourn was based upon blood relationship or whether his ingenuity obtained for him an entrance by less legitimate methods. The *how* of the expedition remains entirely for future telling. Now for the complete news as revealed in his radiogram.

Klausmann arrived at Berchtesgaden, according to his report, only shortly before the Nazi hierarchy received its greatest shock since its ascension to power—namely, the Hess affair. A few days before the revelation of the spectacular flight it was evident at the Berghof that something was basically wrong. On Friday, May 9, Goebbels and Ley arrived unexpectedly and had a few minutes' conversation with Hitler behind closed doors. But Hitler and von Ribbentrop, together with Field Marshal Keitel and other representatives of the Nazi Supreme Command, were busy with the French Vice-Premier, Admiral Darlan. Under the lengthening shadow of the aging Marshal Pétain, Darlan was filled with hope for his own elevation to a position of Hitler's partner in the New Order, and thereby the Führer of France. Hitler wanted no interruption in his conversations with the Frenchman. He dismissed Goebbels and Ley, and telephoned Himmler, instructing him to take charge of the Hess affair, which had just been reported. As it turned out a few days later, Himmler bungled the job.

Darlan departed on Saturday. Early Sunday morning, May 11, the Berchtesgaden grapevine carried the news that Hess had gone up in a plane the

A notable new series brings you an astonishing version of what happened to Rudolf Hess

BY

WYTHE WILLIAMS

With Himmler present, Messerschmitt had not the least suspicion. Hess selected a fully fueled fighter. He put on a flyer's togs.

previous evening and crashed to his death. The story had come from Propaganda Minister Goebbels, who had received it from Himmler. It caused consternation and considerable sympathy, for Hess had been genuinely liked among the entourage at the Berghof. The huge swastika flag over the robbers' roost was pulled down to half-mast, and a day of national mourning was under consideration.

The following day came the explosion. The British announced that, on a voluntary flight, Hess had landed near Glasgow—and, according to Klausmann, within the Berghof hell broke loose.

Following is the description of Himmler, as he arrived in response to Hitler's peremptory summons: His face was drawn and pale, his step uncertain. He failed to observe his usual habit of scrutinizing every person in sight. His glance was fixed on the entrance. Obviously the powerful Gestapo chief was very worried.

Himmler had indeed cause for worry. Hermann Göring and Rudolf Hess were Nazidom's officially designated Number Two and Number Three men, and they basked in the limelight. Mild-appearing bespectacled Himmler, with his small stature and thin piping voice, operates from the shadows, though actually his power in some respects has been second only to that of Hitler himself. He is said to possess a secret dossier containing the life history of every consequential member of the Nazi Party. The pasts of most of them being what they are, his hold over them is understandable. When Gregor Strasser and Roehm stood in the way of his ambitions, he had them "liquidated" in short order. According to inside opinion, he could successfully get rid of Göring, Goebbels, von Ribbentrop, or any other Nazi bigwig except Hitler himself, and suffer no personal blame. But as Himmler stepped through the Berghof doors that May afternoon, all this immense power was hanging on a slim thread.

Presently the Führer's angry high-pitched voice could be heard through closed doors and windows. Occasionally a word or phrase was understandable. When Hitler is angry he is not choice with his language, and this time, apparently, he was raving mad.

But the storm blew itself out. Himmler emerged from the sanctum, his face a little more drawn and a few shades paler but otherwise as usual. That same night every broadcasting station in the Reich carried the story that Rudolf Hess was mentally incapacitated and suffered from hallucinations. Those at the Berghof who were in the know looked at one another but said nothing. Under the circumstances it was not safe to express opinions.

On May 16 the Berghof was thrown into another commotion. Again it was evident that something big was up. A total of sixty-eight persons arrived, one after the other. Every Reich Minister, every *Gauleiter* was on hand. They came from Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Poland, Norway, Holland, and all other Reich dependencies. They were the veritable cream of Nazidom.

The meeting was behind closed doors. Nevertheless two facts leaked out that night and came to the knowledge of Klausmann. *First*, Hermann Göring vented an accumulated ire against Himmler. The Reichsmarshal called the Gestapo chief a rattlebrain, a bungler, and a fool. He contended that depicting Hess as mentally incapacitated, when thousands throughout the nation knew differently, was the peak of idiocy. *Second*, the *Gauleiters* were ordered to set in motion the whole party machinery, down to the last district captain, in order to reassure the people on the Hess affair. The former deputy Führer was to be depicted as a peace enthusiast, obsessed by the idea that he could prevail upon the British to end this wasteful and useless war.

Late in April, according to the story that then circulated through the Berghof, Rudolf Hess visited Hamburg and saw the devastation caused by British bombs, especially in the residential districts of the working population. Despite his undoubted knowledge of Nazi raids on the civilian populations of England, he appeared to be deeply shocked, and argued openly that this dreadful sort of thing should be stopped. A few days later he was present at a meeting of the Foreign Office, where the latest bartering with the Kremlin was under discussion.

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You Can't Buy Smiles

Hollywood vs. Tahiti! Here's a stirring tale, aflame with color, of love in the South Seas

READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ WHAT you would have called Lucy was Tara, which is the name they gave her and said she was a princess, which wasn't true. She was no more a princess than I am. For that matter, she wasn't even a Tahitian, being seven eighths white and the other eighth Raiatean—Raiatea is an island about a hundred miles away. But she had lived most of her life in Tahiti. They were too smart to bill her as Princess Tara—that would have made her sound like an American Indian with something to sell—but they sent out press notices, it seems, quietly tipping people off that she really was a descendant of the ancient kings of the Society Islands.

Anyway, when I hired her I didn't know that Lucy was Tara, or *had been*. I took her on for several reasons—because she was hard up and came cheap; because she very seldom took a drink; but chiefly because she'd mind her own business and never make a date with a customer.

She never seemed to get tired. She ducked the handy guys, the patty guys, without giving offense. She kept the joint clean, never lost her head, and from time to time, when I had to go outside for something, slipped into my place behind the bar and dished out rum like a master.

I really didn't know Lucy Billings very well in those days. There was not much time for friendly conversation. The boys used to come in from off the fishing schooners as soon as they'd taken their catch to the market, which would be never later than six in the morning, and from then until closing we were kept pretty busy. This doesn't mean that I was making money! Drinks are cheap in Papeete, and there's a lot of competition, and you don't always get paid. But Lucy kept good track of things. She had a better head for credit than I had.

Almost the only thing personal about our relations was a thing that really isn't very personal in Tahiti. Every morning when she'd show up for work she would bring a white *tiare* and hand it to me with a smile. And I'd thank her and put it behind my ear. It made me feel kind of like a sissy the first few days I wore a flower behind my ear, but you soon get over that. Everybody wears flowers down here. I began to feel downright undressed if I didn't have one on. The only time it would maybe jog off would be when I'd have to bum's-rush a drunk. When I'd do this, Lucy Billings would quietly pick up the *tiare* and slip around behind the bar to take my place. And when I'd come walking back she'd hand me the tiare again, and I'd put it back behind my ear, and she'd smile.

I used to say I never slugged a man; but that's not true any more. I did once. It was a guy that said something nasty about a certain partnative girl. I came around from behind the bar and let him have it from way down near the floor. They had the guy in the hospital and for a while there it began to look as if his jaw had been busted, but it turned out all right. What worried me, though, was that Lucy would find out that it had been her that the guy was talking about, and she might have thought I'd socked him because I was nuts about her. I don't think she ever did find out.

Anyway, that was the only time I ever took a poke at anybody there. I'd simply give them the bum's rush. I figure in my business it doesn't pay to sock people. You simply can't afford to get sore.

There was usually a kind of slack period in the middle of the afternoon, and sometimes then we used to sit at one of the tables and drink a glass of wine and talk about things.

She spoke perfect English. She had studied it before she even went to the States. After all, she was half Amer-

She ducked the handy guys, the patty guys, without giving offense.

ATOR CHARLES LA SALLE

ican, the other half being divided equally among Polynesian, Irish, Chilean, and Danish.

"Jake, you remember the little orchestra leader with the mustache at the Beverly-Wilshire?"

I'd say, "Yeah, of course," though actually, even though I come from L. A., I hardly knew anything at all about places like the Beverly-Wilshire.

"That song Smoke Gets in Your Eyes had just come out then. Remember it? I was crazy about it."

She had only made two pictures, both hits, and she was one of those child wonders. Tara of the South Seas. Oliver O. Lertman had been given credit for discovering her—Lertman the director, he having been on a vacation here and seeing her dance. They played her up big for a while. Then all of a sudden she was out. She did a turn in a night club for a time, I believe, and now and then picked up a job dancing at a private party, but as far as pictures were concerned she was through. Maybe this was because the second picture she made wasn't anything near as big a hit as the first, or maybe she said no to the wrong guy.

Anyway, Lucy Billings who had been Tara was back. She could still dance, but you can't make a living dancing in Tahiti, where everybody else can do the same. She was mighty pretty—in fact, out and out beautiful sometimes—but she didn't have any laugh or lift about her, not any of what the French call *joie de vivre*.

There was one Monday when Lucy asked me if she could have an hour or so off, and I said sure. And when

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

she didn't come back for more than two hours I got sort of worried, and so I called in the Chink from next door and asked him to watch the bar, and I got on my bicycle and went around to Lucy's.

She lived in a little frame house near the Diadem Hotel, and I whistled as I went up the path, but there wasn't any answer. So I just walked in. You never lock your door in Tahiti. Down this way we're pretty informal.

There was a scrapbook caught my eye, on the table. It was a big thing, and it was open to a page of newspaper clippings that were mostly pictures. This was none of my business, but I'm human and I snooped. The clippings were all six years old, which was the time Lucy was in California; and Lucy herself was in every picture, only of course she was called Tara. What particularly got me was the people she was with. Big shots.

(Continued on page 45)

PART FOUR—CONCLUSION

From rags to riches—where next?
A vivid life-story ends with a question

The Rise and Fall of Joseph

☆ BETWEEN 1929 and 1933, Joseph M. Schenck stuck his thumb in many a pie, and always he pulled out a plum. He still had the elusive knack of knowing what the public wanted, and, as president and chairman of the board of United Artists, he had at his disposal such favorite stars as Pickford, Fairbanks, Chaplin, Ronald Colman, and his own estranged wife, Norma Talmadge.

He was in his ornate quarters on the United Artists lot sometimes twenty hours a day. He had taken a lot of kidding in Hollywood because he had, two years before the Wall Street crash, pronounced talking pictures a passing fad. But his eyes had been opened since then.

"Only a fool won't admit it when he's wrong," he has told me. "So I did, and I jumped on the band wagon. Only Charlie was holding out against speech in his pictures, and, had he been a betting man, I'd have laid him a hundred to one that he would eventually fall into line. And I'd have collected—on The Great Dictator."

During 1930, 1931, and 1932 United Artists' production schedule featured costume romances and light comedy—anything to take audiences' minds off the depression—and the one-time Russian immigrant boy found himself wading in a flood of silver from the box offices of the land. He dipped in liberally, then went and bought real estate in various parts of the country at bargain prices, and good bonds. His penchant for gambling had been taking him south of the border to Agua Caliente, and he and other movie moguls had been dropping so much at the Mexican gaming tables that they decided to check their losses by the simple expedient of forming a syndicate to take over the place! "After that," says Schenck, "we were losing to each other, not to outsiders."

In New York on business in 1932, he looked up his old friend Irving Berlin, and they went up to Claremont Inn on Riverside Drive.

"I hear you're still broke, Irv," said Joe, cutting into a mutton chop. Berlin admitted that he had never recovered financially from October, 1929, because somehow he just wasn't banging out tunes as of yore. "You're upset because of money worries, that's all," said Joe acutely. "Your talent is just as good as ever."

"Sure," said Berlin; "but how can I write hit music when I'm upset?"

"I have a building here in town that I picked up cheap," said Schenck. "It nets me a thousand a week on a lease. You take over the thousand a week for a year and get down to work."

Tears came to Berlin's eyes. "Joe," he said, "you've shown me what guts really are and what friendship is. I'll get down to work without the money from that lease." And he walked out of the Claremont a new man, to write bigger hits than ever.

A daring young man from Wahoo, Nebraska, named Darryl Francis Zanuck was, in 1932, driving certain producers to aspirin, and worse, because of the consistency, rapidity, and apparent ease with which he was turning out hit after hit as production chief of the Warner Brothers studios. The United States was passing through the gangster era and Zanuck, not yet thirty, was quicker than any one else in Hollywood to catch the tempo of the times and interpret it in sound and celluloid. He had cut his production teeth on such three-alarm excitement as Little Caesar, starring Edward G. Robinson. Then he had come through with The Public Enemy, in which James Cagney played a gang leader.

Joe Schenck was quick to see what Zanuck's special abilities amounted to. The two had known each other socially but they had never had any business dealings, and Schenck, for one, had never supposed they would have, since Zanuck seemed so much a part of Warner Brothers.

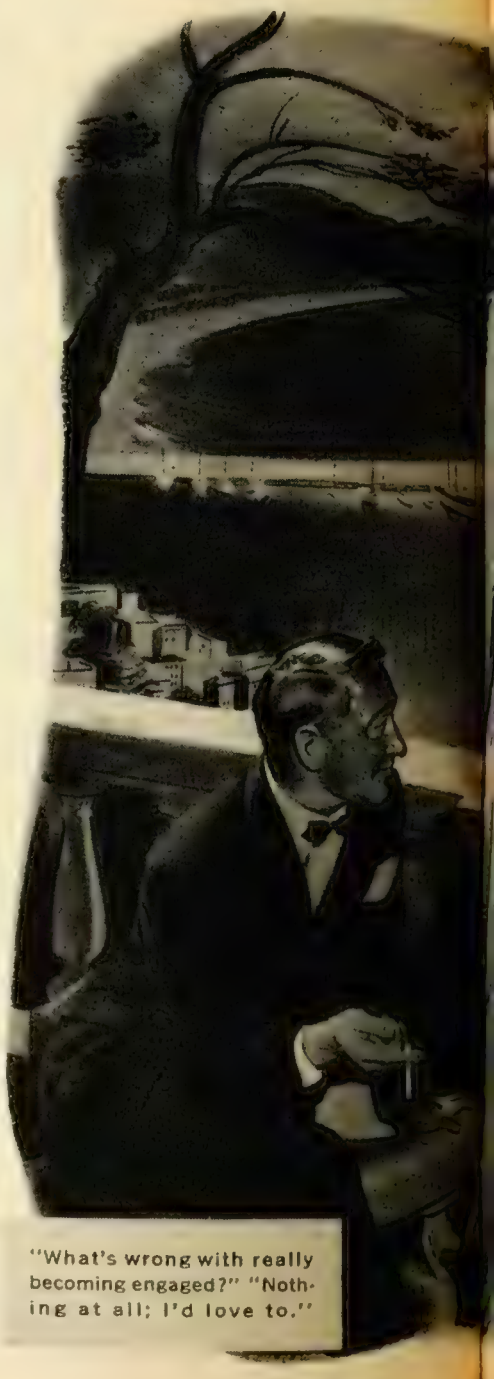
In April, 1933, much to the astonishment of Joe Schenck and other executives, Zanuck resigned from Warner Brothers after a dispute. Virtually every studio in Hollywood wanted to grab him, one major company offering him $10,000 a week in salary and a $200,000 bonus for signing a long-term contract. And Zanuck didn't snap up even that offer! "I didn't want to make a move until I got Joe Schenck's advice," he has told me.

He and Joe Schenck went into a huddle one Saturday morning in the Talmadge Apartments on Wilshire Boulevard. "Do you have confidence in yourself, Darryl?" Schenck asked.

"Unlimited," replied Zanuck.

"That settles it. We'll form a new company of our own and release through United Artists. You'll be in complete charge of production, without any interference whatsoever."

The two men shook hands on it, and to all intents and purposes Twentieth Century Pictures was formed then and there. The contract-drawing was without precedent in Hollywood history. No lawyer was present, and neither Zanuck nor Schenck knew his way any too well through the labyrinth of legal technicalities. Zanuck reached into his pocket, drew



"What's wrong with really becoming engaged?" "Nothing at all; I'd love to."

out his old Warner Brothers contract, got a pair of scissors, and began to cut out clauses that appealed to both him and Schenck. They pasted these clauses on pieces of paper, sometimes making slight changes, and, guided by the legal phraseology, wrote in other paragraphs. Later, when the contract was submitted to lawyers, hardly a comma was changed!

Zanuck was only going to get $5,000 a week in salary, and he wasn't getting a $200,000 bonus for signing. But he was getting enough Twentieth Century stock to stuff a safety box, and was gaining both complete independence in production matters and the high-geared distribution system of United Artists.

Joe Schenck reached back more than a quarter of a century into his own life for the title of the first Twentieth Century picture—The Bowery. It featured Wallace Beery, George Raft, and Jackie Cooper. Another early Century production, The Mighty Barnum, came out of Schenck's past in a way, because he had always been a great admirer of the historic showman. Twentieth really hit its stride, though, when it signed George Arliss to do The House of Rothschild.

Darryl Zanuck was assuming more and more responsibility, but he seemed to be thriving under the load. That suited Joe just fine. Now that he had a partner in whose judgment he had absolute faith, there would be more time for travel, fishing, golf—and poker. And now that he had financial worries off his mind, he discovered that he was a lonely man. The two women in his life—Norma Talmadge and his mother—were gone forever. His mother had died, and, although Norma had fallen out of love with the "other man" by this time, both she and Joe knew that things could never again be as once they had been between them.

By this time Joe had taken a philosophical view of his marriage. "When a marriage breaks up for any reason," he says, "it's usually done for, and it's foolish to try to patch it up if the tear is very big. A patched-up marriage is just like a patched-up automobile tire: it just isn't the same as it was originally. I don't recommend hasty divorces, but a trip to Reno is far better than a lifetime of misery."

Norma and Joe had been living apart for six years before they did anything about a divorce. Sentimental reasons caused Norma to delay a trip to the courts. Then along came Georgie Jessel and cracked his way

Schenck

BY ALAN HYND

into her affections. So, in April, 1934, after Jessel had gone through a divorce himself, Norma talked it over with Joe and then obtained one of those quick decrees in Juarez, and she and Jessel became man and wife in Atlantic City nine days afterward. She was to divorce him in 1939.

Joe went to Europe in the summer of 1934 to try and forget about Norma. He stayed at the London town house of Doug Fairbanks, Sr. Darryl Zanuck, accompanied by Mrs. Zanuck, came and joined him and Doug there.

Fairbanks was always tossing big parties, and that's how Joe Schenck met Merle Oberon. She had just come into international film renown by her portrayal of Anne Boleyn in The Private Life of Henry VIII.

One morning Doug bounded from bed with a trip to the Riviera buzzing in his bonnet. Forty-eight hours later the Zanucks, Doug, Joe, Merle Oberon, and Sylvia Ashley, the former chorus girl who had married a title, arrived in Cannes. It was known that Doug was interested in Lady Ashley, so when they were seen together in Cannes, that was hardly news. But Schenck, the big American producer just divorced by Norma Talmadge, and the British actress—ah, *there* was a combination!

The truth was that Joe and Merle were uninterested in each other, except as pleasant acquaintances, when the trip began. But when the reporters and photographers began popping from behind potted palms in dining places, and asking when the marriage was to come off, the two were drawn together by mutual embarrassment.

Doug said, "Why don't you two announce your engagement? Then they'd let you alone and we could all have some fun?"

"But we're not in love," said Merle.

"What difference does that make?" said Fairbanks. "It would be an engagement in name only."

"What do you think about it, Mr. Schenck?" asked Miss Oberon.

"It's a good idea," said Joe.

And so he called in the boys, announced that he and Merle were engaged, although no date had been set for the wedding, and then politely requested them to begin concentrating on some one else.

The Zanucks and Doug and Lady Ashley began to josh Joe and Merle, asking them when the wedding was to be. This also served to bring them closer together. Then, too, there was the combination of Joe being lonely, Merle being impressed, and the Riviera moonlight.

"What's wrong with really becoming engaged?" Joe asked Merle.

"Nothing at all; I'd love to."

And so they did. They weren't really in love, but they thought they were. It was during the Riviera sojourn that Schenck forgot that he was a philosopher about marriage. He was so happy himself that he wanted everybody else to be happy, too. He had nothing against Sylvia Ashley, but he was extremely fond of Mary Pickford, and he had heard before leaving Hollywood, from Mary herself, how much she missed Doug. He tried and tried to talk Doug into going back to California and patching things up with her. Doug began to waver. He was actually on the point of returning to Hollywood for a talk with Mary when he suddenly recalled a bit of Schenck philosophy.

"Why, Joe," he said, "you yourself once told me that a patched-up marriage is like a patched-up automobile tire. Isn't that right now?"

Joe threw up his hands—and Doug eventually married Sylvia Ashley.

Joe had to return to Hollywood and Merle Oberon had a picture commitment to fulfill in London. On the way back, Joe was assailed by doubts. How would this second marriage of his

hold together if he and Merle were going to be separated for long stretches of time? He had neglected to take up with her the little matter of her giving up screen work and just being Mrs. Joseph M. Schenck.

The engaged pair made ample use of the cables. They found that being 6,000 miles apart didn't contribute to their happiness. So Joe went over again. He asked Merle to give up her career. She put a dainty foot down hard on the suggestion. Joe shrugged. "It would never work out, Merle," he said. Next day he was recrossing the Atlantic alone, leaving a friend rather than a fiancée in London.

☆ FOR several years the Fox Film Corporation had been suffering from public apathy to its products. Joe went into a huddle with Zanuck and with Dr. Giannini and other bankers. In May, 1935, he resigned his posts with United Artists, and he and Zanuck moved into Fox in one of the biggest mergers Hollywood has known. It wasn't long before the new Twentieth Century-Fox had assumed a position of dominance.

Darryl Zanuck has told me that Joe Schenck has a sixth sense of what the public wants—or, rather, will want by the time a big production is turned out. Last year Zanuck wanted to touch upon the theme of religious intolerance in the picture Brigham Young. Schenck didn't cotton to the idea. He said the European war was going from bad to worse, and by the time the picture would be ready the intolerance of Brigham Young's day would seem pleasant in comparison to the brutalitarian activities abroad.

Schenck was right. Brigham Young wasn't the success Zanuck had hoped it would be. "But Joe never said 'I told you so,'" says Zanuck. Then there was an instance where he was right and Schenck was wrong. He wanted to make Tin Pan Alley. "But you've already made Alexander's Ragtime Band," said Schenck.

"The same underlying idea will be good for two pictures," said Zanuck.

"I'm against it—but go ahead," said Joe. He was the first to compliment Zanuck when the picture turned out to be a box-office favorite.

In 1935, Joe decided that, now that he was again a success, organized charity would fill a void in his life—give him something else to strive for. He had from time to time been associated with such widely diversified drives as those conducted by the Red Cross, the New York Academy of Medicine, the United Jewish Welfare Fund, the Cardinals' Committee for the Laity, and the Southern California Symphony Association. So he got himself appointed state chairman for California to arrange for the President's birthday balls, the proceeds of which went to the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

He carried his shrewd business sense right into his charity work. He made up his mind that he would use the medium of entertainment to get at the untapped resources of the hinterlands. He explained to Eddie Cantor that there were probably millions of people who would contribute dimes to the Paralysis Foundation if they were reached and appealed to.

"Right you are, Joe," said Cantor. "What do you want me to do?"

"Think up a slogan and introduce it on your radio program."

"I've got a slogan already—The March of Dimes."

"Great! Let's go. I'll get Shirley Temple and a whole studioful of other names to make trailers containing appeals, and I'll arrange to have the trailers shown in theaters all over the country. It can't miss."

And it didn't miss, of course. Millions of envelopes containing dimes poured in on the White House. President Roosevelt sent for Schenck and made him vice-chairman of the national paralysis organization. When he left the White House, the President was calling him Joe and he was calling the President "Chief."

In 1937 and 1938, Dr. Giannini headed the Los Angeles Community Chest, which embraced eighty-eight separate charities. He got Joe to head the motion-picture division. Joe raised $396,000 in 1937 and $365,000 in 1938. The previous record high had been about $100,000 under the 1937 figure.

☆ JOE was spending considerable spare time on a yacht, the Caroline. It cost him $80,000 to maintain her during 1937. Eventually $40,000 of this sum was to be charged off the Schenck income-tax return as business expense.

On August 10, 1939, "Joe" and "the Chief" had a very enjoyable visit at the Roosevelt home in Hyde Park, and Joe outlined plans for the next March of Dimes. Even as he was visiting the President, agents of the United States Treasury Department were in Hollywood, looking over the books of the Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation and going through banking records. The Department had become interested in a $275,000 stock-loss deduction in the Schenck income-tax return for 1935, and in that $40,000 yacht expense for 1937.

Joe had been left holding the bag in 1935 when Mexico passed a law prohibiting gambling. He had more than $300,000 invested in Agua Caliente, and the stock was now virtually worthless. Yet the Treasury sleuths claimed that Roland West, Joe's friend of the early days in New York, had bought the stock from him for $50,000. Then they uncovered another transaction through which, they alleged, Schenck had reimbursed West to the extent of $50,000 after West had bought the Caliente stock.

By the time they were through, they had decided that Joseph M. Schenck was roughly $400,000 in arrears in his taxes for the years of 1935, 1936, and 1937. He had paid a federal income tax of $52,000 for 1935 on a taxable income set forth in the return as $138,000. A deduction of $275,000 had been made for the Agua Caliente stock deal. The government claimed that Joe's taxable income should have been $410,000 and his tax $240,000. It was decided that he was $64,000 shy in 1936 and $158,000 in 1937. In the latter year he declared a gross income of $594,000, which was exactly $100,000 under the real figure, the government charged.

By far the most serious charge against Joe, however, was one of conspiracy to defraud the government. He was in Dave Chasen's restaurant, enjoying a pompano that Dave had had flown from Florida for him, when he heard that he had been indicted on three counts of evasion and one of conspiracy. Technically, the punishment, upon conviction on all four counts, could aggregate 167 years in prison and fines of $160,000. Joe Schenck was in a serious jam, but he didn't know it. He had never let a mere matter of $400,000 bother him in the past.

He had not actually made out his own income-tax returns for several years. That job had been done by the Eastern story editor of Twentieth Century-Fox, a man named Joseph H. Moskowitz, who was named as a co-defendant in the indictment and who was labeled by Uncle Sam not as a story editor but as a $52,000-a-year bookkeeper. Schenck claimed that all he ever did was sign the returns after Moskowitz made them out.

The indictment was brought in by a federal grand jury in the Southern District of New York in June of last year. Schenck and Moskowitz did not go on trial until March 5 last. It developed that the story editor's "work papers" relating to the preparation of the 1935 tax return were missing. Mathias F. Correa, the young United States attorney, hammered hard at what he termed the significance of the missing papers. He wondered, too, how Joe Moskowitz had arrived at the conclusion that valet service in the amount of $54.50 and a cigar-stand bill of $17.36 at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel in New York, and $535 for Schenck's personal barber, were deductible items. Moskowitz had even deducted aspirin tablets.

☆ SELDOM has a more imposing array of character witnesses paraded through a New York courtroom. Will Hays, Charlie Chaplin, and Gene Fowler, the author, headed the procession that told the jury how they and Hollywood regarded Joe Schenck. Joe didn't take the stand himself. He was found guilty on two of the three evasion counts, being acquitted on one and on the conspiracy charge. Moscowitz was found guilty on one evasion count. He was sentenced to a year and a day, while his boss got three years. Each defendant was fined $10,000. The verdicts are being appealed.

And there you have the discordant symphony that is the life story of Joseph M. Schenck. What will the next chapter be?

THE END

Mealtime aboard one of Canada's sturdy little fighting corvettes.

Heartening news from a famous reporter of war

BY FRAZIER HUNT

Canada takes to the Sea

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ IT was a harbor full of living ships—big ships, little ships, liners, tramps, tankers, lime-juicers, warships, battleships—all having to do with the grim business of war.

"Halifax is probably the most important port in the world today," explained able, merry old Admiral Bonham-Carter, hero of the Royal Navy's effort to block the German base of Zeebrugge in the First World War.

"Here the British and their friends and allies may win or lose the war within the next few months," he went on. "For this is the key to the western gateway of the Atlantic. Here the big end of all the war supplies for England start. And a real job is being done here. Look around and you'll see for yourself."

I did look around quite a bit. On a blowy, rainy, swishing Sunday morning I stepped on the broad deck of a turtle-shaped MTB; slid down a steel manhole to the single deck and tiny steering room of this Canadian-built, sixty-mile-an-hour, seventy-foot-long subchaser. And three minutes later I regretted my indiscretion.

Now, MTB is, translated, "motor torpedo boat." We in the States call them "mosquito boats." They're about the funniest-looking sea craft I've ever encountered—but I doubt if they look funny to a German submarine captain when he finds one descending on him.

My indiscretion? Well, we backed out of our berth—and then some angry water giant hit us from underneath. "Hang onto that brass rail overhead!" the Bluenose skipper shouted to me in the nick of time. The mosquito took the blow, leaped about thirty feet through the rain and the waves, then settled back for a moment. I looked around for a place to sit down and brace myself. "You have to stand up and hold tight to those overhead rails on this baby," the skipper said with a grin.

We headed out toward the entrance to the harbor. I hung on tight in the tiny steering room, and let an officer of the Royal Canadian Navy explain the harbor to me: the narrow sea entrance, then this bulge, then the long bottleneck, and finally the great five-mile-wide basin where the endless ships of the endless convoys waited until a new batch were ready to send out to sea.

The narrow entrance was guarded by two rolling ships that controlled the sea gate.

Heavy submarine nets stretched to the land. Across the sea gate itself hung nets that the two ships could open and close. Canada was making sure that there would be no repetition of the Royal Oak tragedy in Scapa Flow.

We swung by a British warship, and then headed back down the outer harbor toward the bottleneck and the great basin. The rough weather and unkind waves were astern now. And in the bottleneck it was almost calm. Almost, I said!

The two-striper at the wheel opened her up. You felt as if this little craft was reaching out for the sea as a thoroughbred reaches out for more track. It was thrilling, exhilarating, as the twin 1,200-horsepower Packard engines let loose their power.

"We're hitting right on to forty knots," the lieutenant said to me with a touch of pride. "We can do around fifty." And maybe he wasn't quite telling the full story, at that. This Canadian sailor was proud of his Canadian-built ship—and his Canadian harbor, and Canada's mighty effort to hold off Germany and help win the war. And he had a right to be. For Canada has taken to the sea with a vengeance. There are no better sailormen in the world than these Bluenoses and Herring Chokers from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and the ports of British Columbia. Thousands of them have left their fishing boats and great ships of the merchant marine, and gone into the Royal Canadian Navy and its reserves, and special R. C. N. volunteer reserves. Many of them have long held reserve commissions, and when Canada, of her own volition, went into the war, these fearless men hurried into the war too.

And here, spread out before me in the great basin at Halifax, were the ships themselves. They had been gathered from all the seven seas. They were of every size, type, and vintage. Their decks were piled high with miscellaneous cargoes; many of them showed wingless camouflaged warplanes from American factories.

These big and little ships are as brave and determined as the rugged horny-handed men who sail them. Many of the sailors and masters have already been torpedoed three and four times. When I was there, one tough old sea dog had lost every ship he had taken out on convoy—seven in all. Each time he had been rescued and had asked for another ship. And now, in a rusty old tank, camouflaged, he would go forth once more tomorrow.

They are of a strange breed, these men of the Northern Sea—Britishers, Canadians, Americans, Scandinavians. There is nothing like them in all the world. They belong to the sea—yet, in an inexplicable way, the sea belongs to them. When you are with them you gain a strange feeling of confidence in Britain's ultimate ability to hold the Atlantic. And here in Halifax harbor the war may ultimately be won.

☆ BACK on shore, I couldn't help but ask the ranking Canadian officer of this strictly Canadian port, Commodore "Tiger" Jones, if he happened to have one of the fifty overage American destroyers lying around.

"I knew that was coming," he answered with a grin. "Sure we got one." He pointed at a long lean gray boat tied up to a pier. "I'll send an officer over with you. Like to go right now?"

Within five minutes I was aboard this once proud U. S. S. MacKenzie—now the equally proud Annapolis of the Royal Canadian Navy. Lieutenant Commander Frank Smith, her skipper, is a Nova Scotian Bluenose to end all Bluenoses. Wearer of decorations, once chief officer of a crack Canadian liner, he'd gone to sea at fourteen in a sailing ship and he was still at it. And he had signed up for the duration.

He said something to a sublieutenant, who disappeared, to return with a sailor in dungarees in tow. "Here's one of your countrymen," old Bluenose Smith said to me. The tall slender boy blushed as I stuck out my hand. His name was Arthur W. Kark, and he hailed from Somerville, Massachusetts. He'd been visiting up in Nova Scotia last summer, and had just naturally taken it into his head to join the Canadian navy. Being rather shy, he hadn't bragged much about his qualifications, and so he had found himself assigned to the Annapolis as a plain engine-room man. There they found out that he had studied marine engineering, and he was promptly made a petty officer.

"Are you married, Art?" I asked.

He grinned a bit bashfully and said, "Just last week." He'd fallen in love with a Halifax girl.

The skipper explained how six of the American destroyers had been kept back by the Canadian navy, and that all but two of the six had received their baptism of fire. The MacKenzie had been christened the Annapolis to honor both the Maryland city, with its Naval Academy, and its sister town and river in Canada.

But it was Canada's famed corvettes that most interested me. Sturdy, tubby, round-bellied little fighting ships, they might have been offspring of those hero boats of the North Sea and the coastal towns of England, the grand old trawlers. When British shipping losses began to reach ominous proportions, naval minds invented the corvette in order to get low-priced, quickly-and-easily-built, tough, seaworthy vessels that could be used in convoy work.

And the corvette has more than justified her promises.

Roughly, she is 190 feet long and 35 feet in beam. She bristles with guns and carries depth-charge throwers.

She can be built in one tenth the time and at one tenth the cost of a full-fledged destroyer—and yet she has many advantages over that costly warship. For one thing, the corvette, going full speed ahead, can make a complete turn-around in less than two minutes. She can dodge like a schoolboy playing tag. Her only drawback is her slow speed, but she makes up for it by maneuverability.

The corvette I visited was built near Vancouver, British Columbia, and came around through the Panama Canal under her own power. More than a half dozen Canadian shipyards are pounding out sister ships, and soon they'll be rolling down the ways in real numbers. In a dockyard at Toronto I saw six of them being rushed through.

☆ OF all the ships in Halifax harbor, the biggest was a great British battleship. A Royal Navy lieutenant commander took me over her. He apologized for her being a little untidy and unpainted, and later, when I chatted with the captain in his quarters, he made the same apology.

"I understand there's a war on," I replied. He grinned his appreciation.

A fight was what this ship needed and what her men hankered for. A fight for old England and the Empire. A fight with the "bloody Huns"—as they called them—that dared mess up England's seas. The men of this rugged old battlewagon—just like all the rest of the men of the Royal Navy—are *professional* sailors who thrive on battle at sea. And they are secure in their belief in their own prowess and their own luck. And the men of the Royal Canadian Navy are the same—and so are the reserves. These men of the sea will *not* let Britain lose this Battle of the North Atlantic.

And all this goes double when it comes to the sailors who man the armed merchant cruisers, those old converted merchantmen. Riding high, absolutely unprotected with any armor, carrying only six-inch naval guns, their merchant crews gladly close with a superior enemy and go down with guns firing and pennants snapping. Again and again the grand old ships of the A. M. C. fleet have guarded convoys alone. When an enemy pocket battleship or battle cruiser is sighted, the armed merchant cruiser signals for her flock to scatter and run, while she brazenly steams at full speed straight at the attacking raider, pulling it off its easy prey, and goes to her death with absolutely no chance of escape.

It takes valiant English and Bluenose sailors to do this sort of work—and the Canadian Bluenoses have done their full share.

But bravest of all are the sailors and the little old tubs that make up the bulk of the convoys. I watched them pull out in single file to the open sea. I knew the pattern of their adventure. A few miles off shore they would gather at a secret rendezvous. Then, in columns of various widths, they would take up the long tramp. Overhead patrol boats of the Royal Canadian Air Force would sweep a lane. On each side of the convoy would ride the destroyers and the corvettes, the mine sweepers and the subchasers. Other, heavier ships would take up other positions. At dawn the next morning new squadrons of the R. C. A. F. would take up the air patrol. And always the convoy would plow on. Ships up to a certain speed make up the slow convoy; those a little faster compose the swifter group. Big ships go their way alone—they can outrun a sub.

And so the grim brave work goes on. As Angus Macdonald, Minister of Navy and once Nova Scotia's Premier, told me, Canada now has 17,000 men and 250 ships of her own in navy war service. It is ten times the number of men and twenty-five times the number of navy ships she had two years before the war started.

And by April 1, 1942, she will have 27,000 men and 400 ships in her own navy.

☆ ODDLY enough, practically all criticism of Canada's war effort comes from within herself. The stern unbending dignity of Prime Minister Mackenzie King does not quite fill the imagination of certain Canadians, who would like to see their war leader more fiery. But his honesty, intelligence, and experience, and his calm approach to Canada's real problems have brought a unity throughout this broad and diverse country that probably could not have been attained by more colorful leadership.

The very slow arousing of a large percentage of the 3,000,000 French-Canadians to a full war enthusiasm has forced the Premier and his government to make haste slowly. And this policy has fully justified itself. Step by step, Canada has approached complete army conscription. Industry and Labor have accepted what is little less than full government supervision. Volunteer army recruiting has been in line with the completion of training camps and the production of weapons.

The old and close friendship of Mr. King and Mr. Roosevelt has proven a matter of highest consequence in these troubled days. The two understand and trust each other. And each believes that this American-Canadian peaceful "good neighbor" policy must become one of the guide-posts pointing to the world of tomorrow.

THE END

Here's how to Beat the Heat!

Relax with a Crown Collins

Sit back, take things easy ... and cool off with this tall, refreshing drink made with smooth Seagram's 5 Crown. Enjoy the smooth, full-flavored taste that makes this whiskey ideal for cool summer drinks. Over 160,000,000 bottles (all sizes) enjoyed since 1934! Reasonably priced—at the bar, or by the bottle. Say Seagram's 5 Crown—today.

Here's how to make a Crown Collins

Into a cocktail shaker put the juice of ½ lemon and ½ lime; add one teaspoon of granulated sugar. Add a jigger of smooth Seagram's 5 Crown. Shake and strain into glass; add ice and fill with soda. Garnish with slice of lemon and cherry.

Say Seagram's
...and be sure!

Seagram's 5 Crown

Biggest-Selling Brand of the
Greatest Name in Whiskey!

Blended Whiskey. 90 Proof. 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Travel America Quiz

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

BY MALCOLM LAPRADE

"The Man from Cook's," nationally known radio travel commentator

Grade yourself as follows:
Less than 15 correct...Stay-at-Home
15 to 25 correct...Armchair Traveler
26 to 35 correct.Bachelor of Tourism
36 to 40 correct...Master of Tourism

1—Can you name five of the Seven Natural Wonders of the United States?

2—Longfellow's Wayside Inn is a tourist attraction of New England. Who is its present proprietor?

3—Can you identify these three popular routes of automobile travel? *a.* The Azalea Trail. *b.* The Cody Road. *c.* The Tamiami Trail.

4—What is depicted in the colossal sculpture on Stone Mountain, near Atlanta?

5—Montezuma was the last Aztec Emperor of Mexico, but Montezuma's Castle is a national monument in the United States. Where and what is it?

6—What bodies of water, important to cruise travelers, are connected by the Soo Canal?

7—If you wished to visit Paul Revere's house, would you go to Lexington, Boston, or Concord?

8—Of these six famous trains, three operate east of Chicago and three west of Chicago. Can you sort them out properly? *a.* the Chief; *b.* the General; *c.* the Champion; *d.* the Sunshine Special; *e.* The Golden Arrow; *f.* the Empire Builder.

9—The Garden Pilgrimage is a popular feature of springtime travel. Where does it take place?

10—Yellowstone, our largest national park, is in three different states. Which states are they?

11—If you wished to visit the oldest city in the United States, where would you go?

12—Identify these well known tourist areas: *a.* The Hiawatha country. *b.* The Redwood Empire. *c.* The Indian Detour.

13—The only active volcano in the United States is located in one of our national parks. Which one?

14—Tourists visit Mount Vernon because George Washington lived there; why do they visit Monticello?

15—Only in the United States is it possible to cruise for more than 100 miles on an artificial lake. What lake is it?

16—Can you locate these colorful tourist areas? *a.* Green Mountains; *b.* Black Hills; *c.* White Mountains; *d.* Painted Desert.

17—Where and what is the Singing Tower?

18—Niagara is our largest waterfall, but we have one more than nine times higher than Niagara. Do you know where it is?

19—One of America's gayest night-life centers is called the Vieux Carré. Where is it?

20—Four American Presidents are immortalized in the colossal sculpture on Mount Rushmore, South Dakota. Do you know which four?

21—Which of our national parks has a Biblical name?

22—Where is the Teche country and what is its significance to travelers?

23—What event is commemorated by Kill Devil Hill Monument in North Carolina?

24—El Morro, or Inscription Rock, is a unique historical relic of the Southwest. Can you identify it?

25—Where would you go to see the tomb of Theodore Roosevelt?

26—What are the three outstanding points of interest in the Colonial National Historical Park of Virginia?

27—Where is the International Peace Garden?

28—If you wished to visit the Carlsbad Caverns, would you go to Texas, Utah, Arizona, or New Mexico?

29—Why are the Great Smoky Mountains called "Great Smokies"?

30—Name the three tallest skyscrapers in New York City.

31—Where would you go to see these three historical landmarks? *a.* the Old North Church; *b.* the Alamo; *c.* Independence Hall.

32—Congress has authorized the setting aside of a section of our eastern seaboard as the first "National Seaboard." What is the approximate location of this area?

33—Within the State of California are the highest and lowest altitudes of the United States; both are of interest to tourists. Can you identify them?

34—If you wished to travel by air from coast to coast, would you have a choice of three, four, or five different passenger routes?

35—Where would you go to see the oldest city in the United States west of the Mississippi?

36—Can you identify the following states by their nicknames? *a.* Coyote State; *b.* Wolverine State; *c.* Buckeye State; *d.* Hawkeye State.

37—Devil Postpile and Devil's Tower are unique tourist sights of the West. Can you locate them?

38—Why do tourists visit Wakefield House?

39—Our oldest national park was set aside by an act of Congress in 1832. Which park is it?

40—Can you name the three bridges in the United States with the longest channel spans?

(*Answers will be found on page 32*)

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

These women have been drafted for work in a Nazi labor camp.

Women Under Dictatorships

They said, "We shall have no more war!" Where are they today?—A grim warning for America

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ I HAVE been reading about a group of our women who are getting together in a united effort to save themselves first. Quite often lately, here and there, I have listened to such women as they talked, or I have read what they had to say in favor of appeasement or its equivalent. They have filled me with a kind of horror. For they take me back to the women of Germany as I knew them before the triumph of Adolf Hitler and then forward to them as they are today. I see, first, those inspired and brilliant leaders who helped to lift German womanhood out of the inferior rut to which they had been bound under the monarchy. And next I think of the other women, the women whose slogan became "We have to look out for ourselves" and who played a major role in opening the gates for Adolf Hitler, destroying in a day all the republic had gained for them in fifteen years.

At the time the Nazis came into power, the German women, politically speaking, had gone far beyond anything we American women had attained. There were thirty-four of them in the Reichstag; over a hundred occupied seats in the states' assemblies; fourteen hundred of them had municipal jobs. Several of the judges in the high courts were women.

Women were lawyers, doctors, principals of high schools and instructors in the great universities—professions denied them before 1919. And many of the legal discriminations against them, such as unequal property rights and guardianship of children, were being modified or eliminated. The women of Germany were no longer the subservient Hausfraus they had once been supposed to be. They were learning to speak up for themselves.

Then came Hitler. And with his coming went every vestige of progress and freedom of German women. Today they are virtual slaves, without free choice in any of the master details of true living. From the moment of birth until the hour of their death their lives are set down for them by decree as the servants of their men.

Said Hitler, soon after he became Chancellor: "All the revolution has done is to turn 50,000 women into bluestockings. Under the Third Reich these women may as well whistle."

Supplementing this was a word from his spokesman, Alfred Rosenberg. "The influence of women on public life," he declared, "is the beginning of apparent decadence."

Next, Gottfried Feder, one of the little Hitlers, made an appeal to a vast audience of Hitler youth, with the following: "We, the younger generation, have to march off to slay the dragon in order that we may win back the holiest thing in the world—the wife who is servant and slave."

The roses were still fresh on General von Hindenburg's grave when the ax fell. Women were ordered out of the professions and office jobs. The seats of all women judges were declared vacant. Women were removed from the staffs of hospitals and forbidden to practice medicine except as social workers. The practice of the law was closed to them.

In all but the primary schools, women teachers were displaced by World War veterans, many of whom were without education other than training

in the principles of National Socialism. Private schools run by women were closed. Only certain girls—those best qualified to be the wives of future Nazi leaders—were permitted to go to college. Wherever it was feasible, women and girls were ordered dropped from their jobs in industry and business.

At that time there were 2,000,000 surplus women in Germany. (There are close to 3,000,000 of them today.) Without jobs and without husbands to support them, many of them took to the streets, subsequently to be segregated into brothels under the protection of the law.

To nip any revolt that might be in the bud, the new order for women was established by decrees abrogating all previous rights. In Germany today the man alone is the legal head of the family and the sole guardian of the children. In case of separation or divorce, the only way in which the wife may gain control of her children is through a court record showing that her husband has been found guilty of cruelty to them and has served a prison sentence for his crime.

The husband has the right to make all family decisions. He has sovereign control over the family finances, even over money earned or inherited by his wife. Contraception under any circumstances is punishable by a long term in prison at hard labor.

In withdrawing women from their jobs, Hitler had no intention of reducing them to the simple status of Hausfraus. He had merely forced them out of highly paid work in order to create of them a vast reservoir of cheap labor for the war machine he had in mind. And his plans were all ready for preparing them for their ultimate slavery. In March, 1934, when an agricultural draft for women was decreed, the Central Office of the Labor Exchange issued the threat that "women failing to report to the Exchange in order to escape the draft will be prosecuted by the proper authorities. . . ."

There are now twenty-six compulsory labor services for women in Germany. Ever since 1934, young girls leaving elementary schools are compelled to take unpaid work as household apprentices.

There has been no such drudgery, except in the days of slavery, as that now imposed upon the women of Nazi Germany. They are taking over the heaviest manual labor in order to relieve the men for military duty or war work. Their hours range from ten to fourteen a day. Their wages are between 40 and 50 per cent lower than that of men who are doing the same work. No choice is allowed them in what manner of work they shall do. They do what they are told to do. And if they are lackadaisical about it they are punished.

Can this happen here? Easily. The seeds of its happening are already in the planting. For it was the smaller groups of German women, the women who preached pacifism and selfishness and riding in on the crest of the wave who brought German women to the pass where they are now. "Better to run with the wind than against it," said one of them, tight-lipped, to me. This was as far back as 1927.

Some of these women were of the leisure class. Some were housewives who were fed up with unemployment and poverty. Hitler had promised them bread and work. And there were the women who wanted peace at any price and who voted for Hitler because they believed he would keep them out of war. It was these self-constituted leaders who put Adolf Hitler in power. "We have got to look out for ourselves," they said.

There are many such women in just such tight little compartments in this country at this hazardous moment. They, too, want to hold on to what they have in the way of leisure and luxury. Or they dream about riding into the future on the crest of its highest wave. They talk about saving themselves first. They want peace at any price. They do not stop to think that what they advocate may cost American women all they have gained of freedom and equality during the last hundred years.

Just as the German women have no one to thank but themselves for what has happened to them, so it may be that we American women may come to a day when we have only ourselves to thank because the same thing has happened to us.

THE END

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40 ANSWERS

by Malcolm LaPrade to his questions on page 30

1—Seven Natural Wonders of the United States: 1. Grand Canyon, most remarkable example of erosion. 2. Yellowstone Park, more geysers than all the rest of the world put together. 3. Niagara Falls, world's third largest waterfall. 4. Mount Rainier, world's largest single glacier system. 5. Mammoth Cave, hundreds of miles of enormous caverns and underground rivers. 6. Death Valley, 280 feet below sea level, an area of special geological interest containing nearly 500 species of plants, many rare ones. 7. Great Salt Lake, average salinity six times that of the ocean.

2—Henry Ford is the proprietor of the Wayside Inn, near Wayland, Massachusetts.

3—*a*. The seventeen-mile drive lined with azaleas at Mobile, Alabama. *b*. A road through virgin wilderness, leading from Cody, Wyoming, into Yellowstone Park. *c*. The automobile highway through the Everglades of Florida.

4—Robert E. Lee and other Confederate leaders, with their armies.

5—Montezuma's Castle is a remarkable prehistoric cliff-dwelling ruin in Arizona.

6—The Sault Ste. Marie or better known as "Soo" Canal connects Lakes Huron and Superior.

7—Paul Revere's house is in Boston.

8—East of Chicago: *b*. the General; *c*. the Champion; *e*. the Golden Arrow. West of Chicago: *a*. the Chief; *d*. the Sunshine Special; *f*. the Empire Builder.

9—At Natchez, Mississippi, where tourists visit the old Southern gardens and [illegible]

10—Wyoming, Montana, and Idaho.

11—St. Augustine, Florida.

12—*a*. The shores of Lake Superior, which is the "shining Big-Sea-Water" referred to in Longfellow's Song of Hiawatha. *b*. Coastal regions of northern California, from San Francisco up to the Oregon border. *c*. Famous motor route near Santa Fe, including Taos, Frijoles Canyon, and Puye Cliff Dwellings.

13—Mount Lassen National Park, California. Mount Lassen (10,453 feet) is the volcano.

14—Thomas Jefferson lived at Monticello, Virginia.

15—Lake Mead, 115 miles long, created by Boulder Dam.

16—*a*. Vermont; *b*. South Dakota; *c*. New Hampshire; *d*. Arizona.

17—In the Bok Bird Sanctuary, near Lake Wales, Florida; called Singing Tower because of the numerous songbirds found there.

18—Ribbon Falls in Yosemite National Park is 1,612 feet high, more than nine times higher than Niagara.

19—The Vieux Carré, or Old Square, is in the French Quarter of New Orleans.

20—Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Theodore Roosevelt.

21—Zion National Park, Utah (148 square miles).

22—In Louisiana, near New Orleans. It is the Land of Evangeline, or home of the Cajuns, descendants of the French Acadians expelled from Canada in 1755.

23—Kill Devil Hill Monument, near Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, commemorates the first flight of the famous Wright brothers.

24—El Morro is an enormous sandstone rock in New Mexico where Spanish explorers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries carved their names and various interesting inscriptions.

25—Theodore Roosevelt's tomb is at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

26—Jamestown, Williamsburg, and Yorktown, now connected by a parkway.

27—International Peace Garden is a 960-acre tract located on the border between North Dakota and the Canadian Province of Manitoba.

28—Carlsbad Caverns, now a national park, are in southeast New Mexico, near the Texas border.

29—Because the curling mists about these mountains, when seen from the valleys, resemble smoke.

30—Empire State Building (1,250 feet); Chrysler Building (1,046 feet); 60 Wall Tower (950 feet).

31—*a*. Boston; *b*. San Antonio; *c*. Philadelphia.

32—A tract of approximately 100 square miles, including Cape Hatteras and the islands of Roanoke, Ocracoke, Chicamacomico, Bodie, and Collington.

33—Mount Whitney (14,497 feet); Death Valley (280 feet below sea level).

34—Three different routes: the United, T. W. A., and American Airlines.

35—To Santa Fe, New Mexico, founded by Spanish settlers in 1609.

36—*a*. South Dakota; *b*. Michigan; *c*. Ohio; *d*. Iowa.

37—Devil Postpile, in California, an immense pile of hexagonal basaltic columns similar to those of the famous Giant's Causeway in northern Ireland. Devil's Tower, in Wyoming, a remarkable rock tower (1,200 feet high) of volcanic origin.

38—Wakefield House, Virginia, recently reconstructed on the original foundations, was the birthplace of George Washington.

39—Hot Springs, Arkansas, is our oldest national park, set aside because of the curative powers of its waters.

40—Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco (4,200 feet); Huey P. Long Bridge, New Orleans (3,524 feet); George Washington Bridge, New York City (3,500 feet).

I got back my self-respect with my *Waistline*

Not for the ladies! . . . A poignant piece for gentlemen with paunches

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ THEY say we are as old as we look, and when we stop looking we are really old. Maybe so. I haven't reached that stage. And whenever thoughts of such a grim fate overtake me, I recall the encouraging words of Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes when, at the age of ninety-two, he stopped to gaze at a neatly turned ankle.

"Ah!" he sighed. "What wouldn't I give to be seventy again!"

But about a year ago I discovered that there is an intermediate stage which is, in its way, quite as distressing. That is when *they* stop looking at *you*. Granting that I was no male Hedy Lamarr, I had derived the usual masculine comfort through the years from an occasional feminine glance which I at least thought had been thrown my way. Now, so far as I could judge, even the homeliest girls wore blinders—and I don't mind saying I didn't like it.

Most likely I needed to have a couple of hormones shot into the old carcass or to borrow a few monkey glands to pep me up. So, like the woman in the story, I strode into my doctor's office "with both chins up" and demanded a thorough physical examination.

"You're all right," concluded the doc in a tone of obvious disappointment. "All you need is to get back your self-respect."

"What's the matter with my self-respect?"

"Your figure."

"What's the matter with my figure?"

"You haven't got any," he answered ungrammatically but with conviction.

This health and beauty stuff—no figure, indeed!—had always struck me as being strictly on the sissy side. Until recently, no he-man would be caught worrying about his figure. I talked once with a famous cosmetologist who said he was having "quite a run on hips." He opened them, it seems, took out a couple of pounds, then stuck them together again, same as he did faces. I asked if he had any male customers.

"Hell, no," he said. "Men don't wish to improve their looks. They think they're perfect already."

I'll bet the fellow's waiting room is full of men hippers today!

But, after all, the doc had to earn a living.

"Just give me a pill to start up the old thyroid, and I promise you the return of the thin man," I answered him lightly.

"Thyroid!" he exploded. "It's the appetite."

"Thought it was the thyroid made people—er—plump."

"It is—some people; endogenous people. But you're exogenous."

Well, I went home and looked up "exogenous." And what do you suppose I found? This: "Growing from or on the outside due to excessive food consumption." Then I knew what the doc was driving at. He thought I ought to go on a diet.

Now, I had never been one for diets, so I tried everything else. I began with a rowing machine. I used to row at school—lots of fun out on the river in the spring sunlight. But I soon found that in the morning I was too hurried; in the evening, too tired. And the day soon came when the rowing machine just crawled under the bed and stayed there.

About this time a really bright idea hit me. I wondered why I hadn't thought of it before. The only reason why I had the wrong figure was that I had the wrong tailor. So I deserted the good little man who had done such wonders in the past with the material he had to work with.

I have always been more or less a

snappy dresser, and I was toying with a neat suiting with a large yellow-and-green plaid and a flake or two of purple in it when the new tailorman spoke up and said— No, on second thought, I won't tell you what he said; it was too painful! But I will tell you what a great Paris dressmaker once said to a very large American lady who asked what colors she should wear.

"My dear madame," said Mr. Worth, "when the Creator fashioned the hummingbird and the butterfly, He made them of brilliant colors, but when He created the elephant, He made it taupe."

Well, I made it taupe, or rather my new tailor did. The result was almost as bad as if I had actually dieted. I became as depressed as the depression —and quite as depressing, too, if I could judge by the impact my personality made on others, especially female others; so I said:

"What the devil! I might as well diet."

To indicate the full significance of this momentous admission, I should explain that dieting, for one in my line of work, is not only distasteful, as it is to most people, but exceedingly difficult. I have spent a good part of my life wandering around the world. I have, in fact, eaten more than twenty thousand meals in restaurants. And such restaurants! Helder's in Brussels, Tournie's in Madrid, Biffi's in the Gallery at Milan, Le Moulin d'Or in London's Soho, a multitude of deathless shrines in now-conquered Paris, the Café Royal at The Hague, Antoine's in New Orleans, the Brown Derbys and Perino's in Hollywood, Julius' in San Francisco, a dozen or more in New York. . . .

But now I did begin dieting. I gave up a few things I didn't care for anyhow, bravely renounced sit-down lunches, and contented myself with sandwiches, mostly ham and cheese—and how many of them it took to make a lunch!

Naturally, I still looked like one of Mr. Wodehouse's characters who had been poured into his clothes and had forgotten to "say when."

☆ AT this point an appraising friend, after running his eye up and down the abdomen, suggested going to one of these hot-springs places and "boiling out."

Once I had been snared into trying the boiling business in Hot Springs, Arkansas. I was in Miami on a ring-around-the-country jaunt. I had gone down there on a story for an overnight stay. But it was the pompano season in Florida, and there I stuck. Pompano, smoking hot in paper bags! There is no fish on European platters half so delicious!

On my way west-by-north, I stopped off in Georgia. Hot biscuits, hot corn bread, hot mush, and hot ham! Then up to Kentucky for the Derby. There I was in the corn belt. With the cob habit I acquired the bus habit and the bus appetite. I ate in roadside cafés. The usual choice was between ham and eggs and spare ribs. I was neutral. I alternated between pork and pork. And at St. Louis, just as I was settling down to trencher work in a really good hotel, I gave out. Out and in, if you know what I mean. Anyhow, the house physician sent me to Hot Springs, down Arkansas way, with strict orders to boil and diet.

I stayed there three days. Every morning I got up with the idea of beginning my cure. But there is something about those springs places that gives one an awful appetite. Maybe it's the air. I eat prodigiously, even for me. Anyhow, the very thought of taking a cure stimulated more than ever my food imagination. I saw myself back in the old pantry at home, diving into a big brown crock on the lower shelf and coming up with a doughnut impaled on each of ten stubby fingers. (Mother vouches for the accuracy of this arithmetic.) I left Hot Springs uncured.

☆ SO I knew that, even in my present emergency, the boiling-out process was not for me. And when I say emergency, I mean just that. For I was being plagued now by many things besides averted feminine eyes. Now indigestion and a lot of other things, the details of which I will spare you, had at last gotten me down. I was, not to put too much of a point upon the matter, sick.

"The first thing you must do," Old Doc oracled, "is to lose thirty pounds."

He handed me my diet list. I could eat zwieback and joreh bread, spinach and krumbles, zoolac, fermillac, and lactone. My high point was one egg a day—just like a hen. I followed his list, of course; I was too weak at the moment to discuss terms with the enemy. But I didn't get well on it *because it wasn't my kind of diet.*

How did I know? Well, I knew the kinds of foods that agreed with me and the kinds that didn't. Every person knows these things about himself.

So I went about getting rid of those thirty pounds in my own way.

First, I bought scales that I had confidence in. This business of hopping around from drugstore to railroad station to penny arcade to find out what you weigh is no dice. Every weight you get is different from every other, and you don't know where you're going, up or down. In the end, you are all too apt to say, with the lady in the comic picture by Helen Hokinson, "I know I've lost at least ten pounds, though the scales don't show it."

Then I took as my slogan a sentence from James Russell Lowell, recalled from old schoolboy required-reading days: "There are few brains [I substituted 'bodies' for 'brains'] that would not be better for living on their own fat a little while." That is what I did, and all I did—that is, in the diet line.

I like citrus fruits; they agree with me; and I happened to be living in a place where they were plentiful and cheap and exceedingly good. Grapefruit and a few slices of Melba toast "as naked as the day it was baked," a tall glass of orange juice, and coffee without sugar or cream made my breakfasts. One of the fruits, plus lettuce or tomatoes or cucumbers (with mineral-oil dressing dolled up in paprika and Worcestershire and tomato catchup trimmings to make it palatable) and a poached egg or a chop or a substantial serving of cottage cheese, made my luncheons. Anything I wanted, minus butter and rich sauces, with a heavy accent on beef in all its forms, made my dinners.

In two months I lost twenty-five pounds. Then I took a week off in which I wallowed in the restaurant food I had loved so much, and didn't even look at the scales. When I did, I found that I hadn't gained a pound. Then followed a regime of moderation, with butter and other fats assuming not their old place but a wholly natural one, in a total consumption of food which continued—from desire as well as design—well below the pre-scales era. On this regime I continued to lose, but slowly, for another two months until the total for the four months reached thirty-one pounds.

I learned the truth of the axiom that "appetite comes with eating." The week I splurged on food after my first period of almost total abstinence from fats was great fun; also, since my own personally supplied self-starting fats were by that time running low, it may have been a good thing as a strengthening device; but gastronomically it was not the treat I had expected. When I sat down to eat, I didn't want that much food, and when I got up, I felt that I had had too much. I was glad when I got back to a regime of moderation, plenty of everything but not too much of anything. I had proved that "enough is as good as a feast."

☆ NOWADAYS we hear a great deal about the influence of mind over matter, and not enough about the influence of matter over mind. We give too little thought to the golden words spoken by wise old St. Jerome back in the third century.

"A fat paunch," said the saint, "never breeds fine thoughts."

Without making any pretense to unique mental or spiritual regeneration, I can truthfully say that the most important improvement in my condition is not physical. A shrunken stomach is not so important as an expanded soul, but I am convinced that the one leads inevitably to the other.

Before the period of the great abstention my brain was becoming as slow as my step. My soul was fat.

And now—

Well, I have been living mostly in the country since my hormoneless and glandless "rejuvenation," and I haven't had much chance to get the latest sidewalk reactions, but I think they will be all right, if only because I am not thinking about them any more.

I have—as my doctor implied that I would — gotten back my self-respect with my waistline!

THE END

☆ IT'S not the heat—it's the hair! I'd like to get my hands on Veronica Lake's hair. Not to pull it out, as you might think, but to pull it away from her face and out of her eye.

The reason for this sudden urge is—this afternoon, as I came out of the movies, air-cooled to the bone, I saw what Veronica Lake has done to American womanhood. Every third girl seemed bound and determined to look precisely like her; and if a wing of blonde hair covering half the face and all the eye is their idea of a reasonable facsimile, they have succeeded. But that unmanageable mane makes them look miserably hot. Girls, if you must look like Veronica Lake, for heaven's sake, wait until winter!

Girl meets girl

Tot time in Old Town

BY BUBBLES SCHINASI

Tub Bits: Psychologists insist the secret of keeping cool is thinking cool, and the perfect place to do both is the bath. Make much of your tub—treat yourself to lots of time—and you will be rewarded.

A pleasant tub trick is to take three heaping tablespoonfuls of Ivory Flakes, add a few drops of attar of roses (from the corner drugstore), turn the water on full force, and wait until the lavish lather arises. Step into all this rose-scented froth and luxuriate.

You will be far more relaxed if you invest in a Bath Pillow. This is a cozy affair of pastel sponge which keeps your hair dry and your head comfortable while you sing and soak. It fastens to the tub with the aid of four little suction cups. ($3.50 for the large size at Hammacher Schlemmer, 145 East Fifty-seventh Street.)

I wouldn't think of taking a tub without the *enormous* scarlet sponge my sister gave me. It cost $5, but is one of those extravagances you are still doting upon long after a thrifty item has gone its dreary way.

As a prelude to dressing, once out of the tub and prior to powdering, you might splash yourself liberally with Shantung toilet water. As the name implies, this is essentially an Oriental odor, but has a distinct quality all its own. It's quite as effective with linen, lace, or satin as with shantung. It was named after the region in China, not the silk. There is an accompanying perfume, but I'd recommend it for after sundown. ($1.50 to $5 for the toilet water . . . $1.50 to $18.50 for the perfume—at Franklin Simon, 414 Fifth Avenue.)

One of those ideas of simple genius is the Matchabelli Bath Powder Mitt. It is a corduroy mitt stuffed with scented talc. You slip it on your hand and powder yourself. It saves the surroundings from a powdering. ($1 at Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue. Comes in blue, yellow, and pink.)

Timely Topics: Fancy the pun possibilities of having time at your waist? If that's your aim, buy a belt of bright braided leather from which dangles a fat fob watch. ($12.50 at Jay Thorpe, 24 West Fifty-seventh Street.)

Has your beau been drafted? Don't be too depressed. Ask him to show you his silver identification chain bracelet with the disk for the print of his finger and his draft number. Now ask him to buy a duplicate for you. ($3.50 at Tailored Woman, 742 Fifth Avenue.)

Air Conditioning in Hand! Something should be done about fans. They are one of the niceties of a faraway and graceful time that we shouldn't permit to completely disappear. What could be more entrancing with a bouffant dream dress than a tiny starched lace fan?—and with a willowy Chinese frock perhaps a lacquered fan. Consider fluttering a flirtatious fan—it might be fun.

Memos on my Mirror: Wear a lemon linen dress with your big black hat and long black gloves, as an alternate to sheer black.

Carry a little wooden pompadour brush the Ogilvie Sisters make, which costs $1 and has a tail to tidy your curls. (Ogilvie Sisters, 604 Fifth Avenue.)

Tuck in your purse a stick of Lelong's Solid Cologne, which looks like fancy camphor ice and smells like Balalaika, the new Lelong fragrance. ($1.50 at Bonwit Teller, 721 Fifth Avenue.)

Let three golden geese pins fly across the front of your frock and rescue it from summer-dress doldrums. ($2.50 per goose, at Hattie Carnegie, 42 East Forty-ninth Street.)

Keep your lotions, creams, astringents, and other facial sundries in a private corner of the icebox, so that they will be both beautifying and cooling whenever you use them.

On a torrid evening burn white candles instead of electric light.

Please remember to buy a quart of ice cream, half chocolate, half vanilla, on the way home.

Watch for What's New?—with a South American accent—when Girl Meets Girl appears again in a forthcoming issue.

MURDER WITH SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY

Continued from Page 9

it wasn't only the money, and at our meeting two weeks later the feeling became a conviction.

If Cornelia hadn't invited Miss Letty in front of the State Council, I'm sure she'd have let the whole matter drop. There were plenty of people who'd have loved to go, and, as Cornelia said very forcibly, she was just trying to do the poor thing a favor. As it was, she took the chair at our meeting with the grim determination she normally uses only when the city fathers are about to cut a tree down at the foot of Main Street. The result was that we passed a resolution of thanks to Miss Letty for her ten years' work as secretary, and voted fifty dollars to pay her expenses to the Natchez Garden Club Pilgrimage. There were two dissenting votes, Miss Letty's and mine. I saw something in her face that made me acutely aware there was really some other reason for her not wanting to go . . . and when everybody was so touched by the tears in her eyes when she stammered out her thanks, I could have shaken them.

"Whatever will I do?" she whispered shakily, when I helped her on with her coat later. "I'll *have* to go now. I'll write to my brother and sister. . . . Please try to explain to Cornelia that we'll be more comfortable at the hotel—will you, Louise?"

☆ I GOT about as far with that as I'd thought I would.

"I told Letty it would look very peculiar if we put up at a hotel there," Cornelia said flatly. "I've no doubt we'll be very uncomfortable indeed. If you think you're too good to stay with Letty's people, Louise, you can stop at the hotel."

I knew it was useless to protest. Staying at Miss Letty's had started out to be a saving of our lodging rent. Cornelia had forgotten that already.

It wasn't until we got to Nashville, however, that I began to have any serious misgivings. I'd got used to arriving in places and waiting unblushingly while Cornelia called up and got all three of us—and Lusby, her colored chauffeur—invited to spend the night with people she'd met at conventions. So far, all the trip had cost any of us was gas and oil and two toothbrushes for Miss Letty. She was always forgetting her toothbrush. In Nashville we stopped to get her a third one, and Cornelia said to me:

"I haven't told you, but we're staying with Letty's family. She finally wrote to them and they said we mustn't think of going to the hotel. I've told her frankly I think it's very wrong of her to be ashamed of them. She's so spineless. She really irritates me beyond endurance."

"I don't think she's spineless," I said. "She's just a very gentle human being who lets herself be put upon by everybody."

"That's spineless," Cornelia said.

But both of us were wrong. That night we'd gone upstairs to bed. Miss Letty and I were sharing a room. She was in the bathroom, undressing, when Cornelia came in, her face covered with cold cream. She went over to the dressing table and wiped her fingers on some tissue, looking down at the gold locket that Miss Letty always wore on a black satin ribbon. She picked it up.

"I wish Letty would sell this to me," she said.

She wasn't the only one who'd wished that. It was really lovely. The back was delicately chased arabesque, the face a spray of lilies tied with a ruby bowknot. The stem and leaves were tiny encrusted emeralds, the bells pearls.

"What do you suppose is in it?" Cornelia asked. She started to open it just when the bathroom door opened. For an instant Miss Letty stood stock-still, staring at Cornelia. Then she sprang forward just as the two halves parted and a tiny bit of paper fell out. Her eyes were blazing with anger as she wrenched it out of Cornelia's hands.

"Don't you dare!" she cried.

Cornelia stood completely aghast.

"Where is it?" Miss Letty cried. "The paper that—"

"It's on the floor, Miss Letty," I said.

She looked down frantically and picked it up, her breath coming in quick gasps.

"Don't you ever dare touch that again!" she cried passionately.

Cornelia literally sagged. "I'm sorry, Letty," she stammered. "I didn't mean . . . I . . ." She drew herself up again. "I think I'll go back to my room."

"I think I'll wash my face," I said.

When I came out of the bathroom, Miss Letty was in bed. I put up the windows and turned out the lights. The piece of paper that had suddenly transformed a gentle little mouse of a woman into something as dynamic and savage as a tiger cat was indelibly fixed on my retina. It was about half an inch wide and folded so that it was about an inch long, and looked like an old clipping from a newspaper, faded a yellowish gray.

It took me a long time to go to sleep that night.

☆ WHETHER Miss Letty had made her peace with Cornelia Cartwright, or they'd both decided to ignore the incident, I don't know. At any rate, we started out the next morning as serenely—outwardly—as if nothing had occurred, Miss Letty wearing her locket as usual.

"Now, this is *very* interesting," Cornelia announced.

We'd come into the old Natchez Trace—the historic route of Indians, explorers, trappers, pioneers, highwaymen, and tourists. Miss Letty's hand went to her throat as if she suddenly had difficulty breathing.

Cornelia looked at her. "I should think you'd be *glad* to be coming back, Letty," she said severely.

"Oh, I am, really I am," Miss Letty said.

"Well, you certainly don't act it." There was a metallic edge on Cornelia's voice.

I suppose you can't live with suppressed fear for three days without its beginning to tell on you. I hadn't realized, however, how jittery we'd got until Cornelia glanced back. "Louise, isn't that the same car that's been following us ever since we left Richmond?"

She leaned forward and said, "Lusby, isn't that the car that's been following us—that young man who was talking to you the other night?"

☆ LUSBY grinned. "Yas'm. He been right on our tail two days now."

I looked back, too, at the old tan touring car we'd first seen at a service station in Richmond. The young man at the wheel was the same young man, the battered gray felt hat pulled down almost to his ears was the same battered gray felt hat.

"I don't like the looks of it," Cornelia said. "Why should he be following us this way, Lusby?"

"Don' you-all worry none," Lusby said cheerfully. "This here cah got mo' speed than that ol' bus ever reckoned of."

He went up to seventy-five. I looked back again at the old touring car plugging along at about forty.

"Maybe he's going to Natchez too," I said. "Anyway, he looked to me like a very engaging young man."

"You can't go by looks," Cornelia retorted. "And it's better to be safe than sorry. You can't tell what's going to happen to anybody these days."

I smiled and shook my head. I doubt if Cornelia herself had any idea of what a prophetic utterance she was making. In fact I'm sure she hadn't, because at the moment she was too busy unloosing the clasp of her diamond wrist watch. I watched her tuck it down into the ash receiver in the armrest beside her.

"You'd better put your locket in here too, Letty. You don't want it ripped off you." She leaned forward again. "Have you got that gun, Lusby?"

"Yas'm, Ah *got* it," Lusby said. "But Ah don' want nothin' to *do* with it, Mis' Cartwright. But Ah *got* it, if that's what you is askin' me."

Cornelia looked out the back window again.

"Well, we've lost him," she said. "If you see a patrol, Louise, I'll stop him and report that car. After all, we're just three women in a strange country. Anyway, he ought to be in the army. I told you, didn't I, that Alec's been transferred to New Orleans? Now if this is the town I think it is, there's a good place for lunch, and an antique shop run by a woman I met at a convention last year."

I didn't go to the antique shop. As we came out of the lunchroom I saw the young man in the battered felt

hat pull up at a service station . . . and coming up the main street was a state patrol car. My heart sank, but Cornelia was looking the other way. Her watch, I remembered suddenly, was still in the ash receiver.

"I've got to go to the drugstore," I said hurriedly. "I'll join you at the car."

Somebody, I thought, ought to warn the young man before he found himself in jail. I went across the street. He was perched on his dusty fender eating a hot dog. He certainly had none of the earmarks of a youthful criminal. His hat was pushed on the back of his sandy nondescript thatch of

LESLIE FORD, who is really Mrs. Zenith J. Brown of Annapolis, Maryland, also writes mystery stories under a second pseudonym, David Frome. She is the daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, spent her childhood in the Far West, and went to the University of Washington. She has one daughter; then there's a cocker spaniel named Dr. Watson, two Irish setters and—what she has always desired above all things—a farm on the Eastern Shore of Maryland.

curly hair, his eyes were bright blue and twinkling, and his nose was peeling. He pulled off his hat and grinned.

"I'll bet you a coke you're garden clubbers pilgrimaging to Natchez," he said.

He grinned again.

"You win," I said.

"I knew it the minute I spotted the old gal with the pansies on her hat. She's the spit of my Aunt Selina. My Aunt Selina's covered more miles on pilgrimages than all the pilgrims of the Middle Ages."

He looked at me critically. "Now you haven't been on many pilgrimages. It takes years to get the professional air. Is the old gal *your* Aunt Selina?"

"No," I said. "She's president of our club."

He grinned again.

"I already told you she looks like my Aunt Selina."

"Well," I said, "you'd better be careful. She's going to have you arrested."

"Who—me?" He didn't look at all dismayed. "What for?"

"Because you've been following us for two days."

He coughed up a piece of hot dog that had gone down his throat the wrong way and wiped the tears out of his eyes.

"That's because I'm too lazy to look at road maps," he said. "I just figured if I kept behind you, I'd get to Natchez sooner or later. I don't seem to make you understand about my Aunt Selina."

"Is she in Natchez?"

"No. She's doing South American gardens."

"Are you pinch-hitting for her?"

"Good Lord, no," he said. "I don't know a garden from third base. I'm on my way to Kelly Field. Just going through Natchez out of . . . curiosity, I guess."

He started on his third hot dog.

"You'd laugh if you knew why I'm going," he said. "It sounds crazy. It *is* crazy. My father came from Natchez. He had a cousin here. I only saw the old boy twice, but when he died he left me a half dozen plantations. There was a catch in it. To get 'em I had to marry a gal down here before I was twenty-six, or she'd get 'em."

"How old are you now?" I asked.

"Twenty-six in October," he said.

"You'd better hurry then, hadn't you?"

"Not on your life. I wrote and said, 'Dear Miss So-and-so, you can have the plantations,' or something like that. The lawyer wrote back and said I couldn't get out of it that easy. She had to get married, or I had to get married, or we'd just have to wait till I'm twenty-six. I said O. K., we'd just have to wait."

"What's she like?" I asked.

"Don't know. Not so hot, I guess. I know her cousin Lawrence, and that's plenty. All the same, when I ran into your Aunt Selina, I thought I'd show up just for the hell of it—even if I'm not interested."

He grinned. "When I marry I'm going to pick the gal out myself. I don't care whether she's got a plantation or a job in the bargain basement. But here comes Aunt Selina. I'd better get going before she calls a cop."

Cornelia Cartwright stopped dead in the middle of the street and raised her hand, looking excitedly around for a policeman. Then she came hurrying over.

"Louise!" she cried. "That was that man!"

I nodded. "Yes. He's very nice. He's going to Natchez."

"What for?" she demanded.

"His Aunt Selina's president of a club, and he's looking up a girl," I said. "He's supposed to marry her to get some property."

"That's a likely story," Cornelia snapped. "I'm surprised at you for swallowing it."

She got in the car and looked into the ash receiver, rather disappointed, I thought, to find her watch still there. I glanced around, waiting for Miss Letty. She was standing there, staring down the road. She turned back to me.

"Did he say what the girl's name was?" she asked unsteadily.

"No," I said. "Just that he's supposed to marry her before he's twenty-six."

Miss Letty got in the car.

"Did you say he was nice, Louise?" she asked. Something had happened to her voice.

"Very, I thought."

"Did he say what his aunt's name was?" Cornelia demanded abruptly.

"Just Aunt Selina."

"Selina," she repeated thoughtfully. "There's Selina Maxwell in Philadelphia, but she's in South America. The Maxwells are *very* nice people—he's no connection of theirs. Now look—there are some more of those absurd red and yellow ribbons."

She pointed out at half a dozen little strips of cotton cloth tied to a barbed-wire fence.

"I asked a man back on the road," I said. "They're to show it's been prospected for oil. They've found a lot of it in Louisiana. Different companies have different colored ribbons."

"But you say he isn't going to marry her?" Miss Letty interrupted.

"The young man?" I asked. "No. I just said that's what he said."

"The whole thing is perfectly ridiculous on the face of it," Cornelia announced, but whether about the young man or the oil I'm not sure.

She settled back in the corner, her mouth a hard tight line. Miss Letty lapsed into silence, her gloved hands folded nervously in her lap. As we came closer to Natchez, her hands twitched more nervously and Cornelia's mouth got tighter and tighter. I didn't realize what was disturbing each of them until we stopped at a service station by a road sign that said "Natchez 14 Miles." Miss Letty had gone in to fix her hair.

☆ "YOU know, Louise," Cornelia said, "I think we made a mistake saying we'd go to Letty's old home. We should have realized it wouldn't be a suitable place for us to stay." She frowned. "Maybe we can just leave her there and go to the hotel. . . . Here she comes. Letty, Louise thinks we'd better not bother your sister and your brother—you know what having strangers descend on you is like."

Miss Letty didn't say anything at first. Then she said, "Of course it's very old and run down."

"We expected that," Cornelia said. "All these old plantation places are."

At that moment we were passing a gleaming white portico set back in a beautifully kept park. I realized that Cornelia was comparing it with the shabby old places we'd gone by along the road, and I realized that it was her own social position she was thinking of now. I felt sorry for Miss Letty.

"I think they've fixed the house up a little," she said apologetically. "And

it isn't a plantation. It's in town."

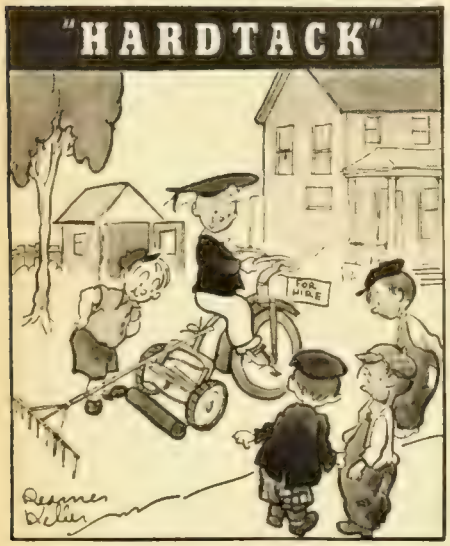
We were coming into the outskirts of Natchez, Cornelia getting unhappier by the moment.

"We turn up Albemarle Street," Miss Letty said. "It's the house at the end of the road."

Cornelia closed her eyes.

In front of us in a moment were two high iron gates. On one of them, under a scrolled D, was a white wood sign with "Closed" painted on it in black block letters. Through the gates a smooth winding road stretched through masses of flaming azaleas. At the end of it, beyond the live oaks and magnolias, stood one of the most imposing mansions I have ever seen.

Double galleries extended around



"Everything done in one easy operation, gentlemen. Who'll be my first customer?"

the great red-brick house, deep and cool and shadowy from the climbing roses and eglantine. Through the long windows yellow points of candlelight flickered like the first fireflies at twilight. In front of the portico was a gleaming Victorian brougham, with an old colored coachman nodding sleepily.

Cornelia opened her eyes. Her jaw dropped. "Why, Letty!" she gasped.

Lusby drew up behind the carriage. The coachman woke up with a start, clambered down to the drive and came tottering over to us.

"Miss Baby . . . is that you, Miss Baby?"

His kinky white hair was white as frost, his voice shaky with emotion.

"It's me, Isaac," Miss Letty said. She got out and grasped his outstretched hand.

"It's good to see you, Miss Baby," the old darky said. "Ah wouldn' ever 'a' recognized you. You come to stay, ain' you, Miss Baby?"

"Just for a few days, Isaac," Miss Letty said.

He went up the steps and opened the door for us.

"Mr. Ed!" he called. "Miss Baby's come!"

I didn't see Mr. Ed coming, not right away. I was standing goggle-eyed in the hallway. All my life I'd heard about Victorian grandeur but I'd never seen it before. Then suddenly, between two ornate alabaster urns at the end of the hall, Mr. Ed appeared. He was Miss Letty made of tensile steel, and if he didn't step out of my grandmother's album that used to lie on the marble-topped table in the front parlor, he could have very easily. And he could have stepped back before he opened his lips for all of me. He wore tight-fitting buff trousers, a black coat with velvet lapels, and a white ruffled shirt. His hair was gray and his eyes were like Miss Letty's, dark and large, except that his would have done very well for Medusa. His upper lip was long, and if he'd ever smiled it was so briefly that there was no memory of it left in the sharp hard lines that slanted down from his thin nostrils.

He didn't extend his hand to Miss Letty or make any move to kiss her.

"I trust you made a pleasant journey, Laetitia," he said. "And these ladies?"

"This is Mrs. Cartwright," Miss Letty said quickly. "My brother, Judge Drayton. And Mrs. Gould."

☆ JUDGE DRAYTON shook hands with Cornelia. He turned to me.

"Mrs. Gould—it's a pleasure." His voice was about as warm as his hand. "And this is my son."

He indicated a younger edition of himself who had appeared out of the drawing room at the right. He was dressed like his father except that his coat was plum-colored and his trousers puce. He was quite as cold as Judge Drayton, with a down-his-nose air that made me feel like an East End refugee billeted on the unwilling upper classes.

"Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. Gould, and your Aunt Laetitia, whom you may remember," said the Judge. "My son Lawrence. The maid will show you to your rooms. My sister will meet you later. We dine at two o'clock. I trust you will enjoy your stay in Natchez. It is the only place left where you will find the gracious hospitality of the old South uninfluenced by the commercialism of the modern world."

What I should have done, of course, was turn around and go back to the car. But I didn't; I was too stunned. I followed Cornelia and the maid and old Isaac through the hall and up an elegant curving staircase. Miss Letty, also stunned, came beside me.

"It's really charming, Letty," Cornelia said. "Perfectly charming!"

She marched off with the maid, and Miss Letty just stood there, inarticulately wretched, her lips trembling.

"Oh, don't!" I whispered. "Please don't!"

She turned to me quickly, and stood staring, her eyes fixed past me on something at the end of the hall. She looked as if she were seeing a ghost, and for a moment, when I turned around, I certainly thought I was.

In the smoky shaft of sunlight slanting across the gallery was a figure as light and intangible as thistledown. It was a girl, her hair the color of molten gold, a red rose caught in the bright coronet of up-swept curls, her white lace dress cut low, draped in festoons and caught with scarlet bows over the hoops that filled the doorway. She came forward quickly, her white satin ballet slippers noiseless on the polished floor, her hoops swaying gracefully with the movement of her body. And she was very real and very live. Her bare sun-tanned shoulders were warm and smooth as satin, her eyes were dark and soft and set wide apart under long dark lashes, in a face that was breath-takingly lovely.

Miss Letty took a faltering half-step.

"Anne?" she whispered.

"Aunt Letty!" The girl's eyes lighted. "How wonderful! You've come at last!"

Miss Letty stumbled forward and the girl caught her in her arms and held her tight. Her eyes were suddenly dark with anger.

"They were horrible to you, weren't they?" she whispered passionately. "How dared they be! You have as much right here as anybody."

Miss Letty raised her head. The girl kissed her, her own eyes bright with tears. Then she turned and held her hand to me. "I'm Anne Drayton," she said, with a smile that didn't entirely conceal the anger she still felt.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Miss Letty whispered. "This is Louise—"

The girl smiled again, really this time.

"Hello, Louise. I'm glad you've come. You're here in the rose room. If you want anything, just ring, and Mamie will come, and if she doesn't, ring until she does."

I followed Isaac into the rose room, waited a moment until they'd gone, and stepped through the long window onto the balcony. I was angry too—at Cornelia, at Judge Drayton, and at myself for not having the spunk to leave at the front door. And I wasn't staying a night under that roof, if I had to sleep on somebody's doorstep.

☆ A BREEZE fragrant with roses and honeysuckle touched my burning cheeks. I looked out over the grounds. The lawns stretched like velvet to the massed dogwood and redbud where the garden ended and sloped off into a tangle of vines interwoven among the great white spears of Spanish dagger, and past that into a deep gully that they call a bayou down here. A shadowy haze hung over everything, making it fragile and lovely, remote and unreal. It seemed incredible that inside was something that was real indeed, not very lovely, and even a little terrifying.

I was standing there when I heard Miss Letty's voice. She must have come closer to her window.

"But he's here now," she was saying. "Louise met him. He's coming to see you."

Anne laughed. "He's certainly taken his time about it. And I certainly wouldn't marry him for anything. If he wants the plantations he's welcome to them."

"But you might like him!"

"Like Steve Heywood! Lawrence has told me about him. He's simply insufferable. Anyway, it's too late. It's still a secret, but I'm going to be married in July."

For a moment there was a dead silence.

"Don't look so stunned, darling," Anne went on. "After all, I'm twenty years old. I have to marry some time."

"Who . . . is it?" I heard Miss Letty ask.

"You'll be surprised. It's Lawrence."

I heard Miss Letty repeat the name blankly, and I thought, That's that unpleasant young man we met downstairs.

"It does sound funny, doesn't it?" Anne's voice was a little wistful. "But I'm very fond of him, really. Don't look so distressed, Aunt Letty. I'll be —just as happy as most people."

I thought, Oh, dear! and started back to my room. Before I got to the window I heard a door open and Anne's voice:

"Here's Aunt Letty, Aunt Kate! Tell her how glad we are to see her!"

A cool voice spoke.

"I'm very glad to see her," Miss Kate Drayton said. "And now I want to see her alone. Go to my room, Anne, and help Mamie with my dress."

☆ THERE was a long silence, broken by Miss Kate's voice, as steely as her brother's:

"If you've come to make trouble, Laetitia, I shall ask you and your friends to leave at once. If you had any pride or decency, you'd not show your face here. We won't allow you to upset everything. We refuse to allow you to make trouble in this house—is that clear, Laetitia?"

I could almost see Miss Letty shrinking.

"I didn't come back to make trouble," she said unhappily. Then her voice strengthened. "But I have a right to come here if I want to—and there's one thing I won't allow."

"You—allow?"

"Yes. That's what I said. Anne's not going to marry Lawrence. That's what I won't allow."

There was a long silence. Miss Kate said, "We will discuss that matter with you later, Laetitia."

I went back into my room with a sick and at the same time angry feeling, and started to the door to tell Cornelia I was leaving. I stopped when she came in herself.

"My dear, isn't this utterly divine?" she exclaimed. "I could shake Letty for not telling me."

"I think it's foul," I said. "I wonder if Lusby could take me downtown?"

"What for?" Cornelia cried. "Why, Louise—"

"I don't like the way they treat Miss Letty, in the first place," I said. "And in the second, they don't want us here. We stuffed ourselves down their throats, anyway. Furthermore, they dined at two and it's getting on to seven. I'm hungry."

"You don't seem to realize it's a privilege to be allowed to stay here, Louise."

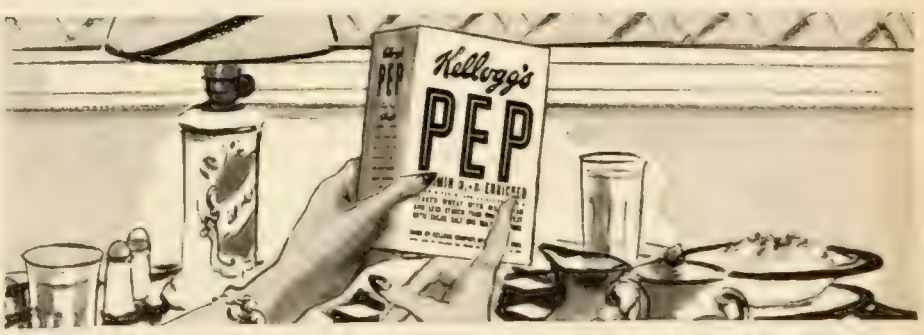
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Bundy

Betty: Hello, Buck! Can't you speak to a friend? Why the scared look? Seen any ghosts?

Buck: The professor . . . he said I am probably a victim of *"avitaminosis."* And if that means what I think it does . . .

Betty: Now! Now! Don't get excited. What the professor implies is merely a subnormal rating in whoosh. Know what I mean? A slight but noticeable deficiency in oomph. In plain English, no *pep appeal.* And I know what to do—let's go have some lunch.

Betty: The professor's five-dollar word, my buckaroo, merely means a lack of vitamins in the diet. Lack of vitamins, lack of pep. Lack of pep, lack of oomph. And if you'll just pay attention for a moment . . .



Betty: Right in this delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is an extra-good supply of two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D. Now, it's important to get *all* your vitamins, but these two are . . .

Buck: Hey! Stop the lecture! This PEP is some cereal! Most delicious I ever tasted. Believe me, that professor is all right—and so are you!

Vitamins for pep! *Kellogg's Pep* for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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CAR 23! GO TO A GROCERY STORE AND GET SANI-FLUSH TO CLEAN OUT THAT RADIATOR!

A clogged radiator overheats. Wastes power. May even lead to expensive trouble. Don't take chances. Flush out rust, scale and sludge with 10c worth of Sani-Flush. (25c for the largest truck or tractor.)

Do the job yourself—or have your service station do it. Plain water isn't enough. Insist on Sani-Flush. Can't harm aluminum cylinder heads. It's used in most bathrooms for cleaning toilet bowls. (*Directions on can.*) Sold by grocery, drug, hardware and 5-and-10c stores. 10c and 25c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

CLEANS OUT RADIATORS

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

FEET ITCH?

STOP IT QUICK!

Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps heal and prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Liquid or Ointment, 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Don't accept a substitute.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

"I'm sure it is. I just happen to feel unworthy of it. And I'm not asking you to leave. I'm going."

"Then you'll have to arrange for your own transportation. Lusby has gone downtown to get his supper."

She wheeled and went out—and was back in less than half a minute, it seemed to me. "Louise! That man! He's still following us—he's coming up the drive! And my watch—I left it in the car!"

I picked up my gloves and handbag. "I'll ask him to take me downtown," I said. I went out and down the stairs.

Judge Drayton and his son were just starting up. Old Isaac appeared in the door as they stood aside for me.

"Mr. Ed, that there man's done come," he said.

Judge Drayton turned. "What man, Isaac?"

"That there man yo' said Ah wasn't to let come in this here house. Mr. Steven Heywood."

Judge Drayton glanced at his son. It seemed to me there was anxiety, if not actual alarm, in their faces.

"News leaks out fast," Lawrence Drayton said. His smile was not amused. "Who do you suppose told him?"

His father shook his head briefly. "I'll talk to him. You stay here, Lawrence."

He went across the parquet floor with sharp decisive steps. I came on down the stairs.

"It's a fellow that's been making himself a blasted nuisance about my cousin Anne," Lawrence said, rather absently. He was listening to what was going on at the front door.

"Good evening, sir. I'm Steven Heywood." The young man's voice was warm and friendly. "I was passing through Natchez, and thought I would have the pleasure of calling on Miss Drayton while I'm in town."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Heywood," Judge Drayton said. "Miss Drayton is indisposed."

"I'm not leaving until after lunch tomorrow," Steven Heywood said equably. "Perhaps I can call again in the morning."

"My niece will be unable to receive you tomorrow, or at any time," Judge Drayton replied calmly. "I shall ask you not to persist in forcing yourself upon her, sir."

☆ THERE was a short silence. Then Steve Heywood said, "I see. Will you tell Miss Drayton I have no intention of forcing myself upon her. And present my compliments to her uncle, and tell him I said the hell with him. Good night, sir."

The door closed. Judge Drayton came back, his face—if possible—even steelier.

"That settles that young man," he said softly. "Mr. Heywood is a young upstart who is presuming on an unfortunate legal document to make my niece's acquaintance, Mrs. Gould," he said casually. "You're coming to the Candlelight Ball with us, aren't you? I think you'll enjoy it— Ah, here comes my niece. I shall ask you to say nothing to her about this, Mrs. Gould."

I looked around. Anne Drayton, too radiantly and vividly alive for the hampering hoops of a nostalgic dream world that died in the blood and tears of three quarters of a century ago, was coming gaily downstairs.

"Who was that at the door, Uncle Ed?" she asked.

"A Yankee tourist who can't read signs," Judge Drayton said calmly.

She laughed. "I thought it might be that awful Heywood man. Aunt Letty said he was in town."

Her uncle looked at her quietly. "That's something you don't have to worry your head about, my dear."

"Oh, I know." She turned to me. "You're coming to the ball with us, Louise, aren't you? You don't have to dress."

☆ I LOOKED from Judge Drayton to his son. I had a curious sense of a kind of conspiracy between them in relation to Anne that was more than just a simple desire to keep her for themselves. She was a stake in some way, and completely unaware of it. And it wasn't because Lawrence Drayton was in love with her. If he was, there certainly weren't any signs of it.

I made up my mind abruptly. "I'd love to," I said. "And I'll change."

I went back up the stairs. I was just scrambling into a long dress when there was a tap at my door. It was Miss Letty, her face pale and tense.

"Louise," she said, "Cornelia tells me you're going . . . away."

"I'm afraid we're a terrible nuisance to your family," I said.

She came to me quickly and took my hand. "Please—don't go. For my sake! I need you. Please stick it out!"

"All right," I said. I looked at my watch. Steve Heywood had had ten minutes to get back to wherever he was staying. "What hotel would anybody be most likely to put up at here? And where's the telephone?"

She gave me a name. Then she looked at me sharply. "It's not—"

I nodded. A light brightened her harassed eyes. She glanced back at the door. "It's in the library," she whispered. "Don't let them find out."

I wiped the extra lipstick off my mouth and went downstairs. No one was in sight. I hurried into the library, glanced at the list of numbers on the pad beside the phone and got the operator.

"Is Mr. Steven Heywood registered with you?" I asked, when the room clerk answered.

"He's just checked out," he said. "Left about three minutes ago."

"Thank you," I said. I put down the phone and glanced up. Judge Drayton was standing in the doorway.

Why is Miss Letty unwelcome in her family's home? Are Judge Drayton and his son plotting something against Anne's interests? And can Louise and Miss Letty, working together, wreck their plans? Surprises crowd the thrilling second installment—coming in Liberty next week.

BEVERLY HILLS' MOVIE GUIDE—Continued from Page 6

Captain Alan Thorndike is a little hard to understand. He is a world-famous big-game hunter who has exhausted all the thrills of killing; now he harmlessly stalks his quarry for the greater thrill of not killing. Thus, at the very outset of the yarn, you find Captain Alan gazing intently down the barrel of his empty rifle, drawing a careful bead—while the target is Herr Hitler in his Bavarian mountain retreat. But Thorndike is observed by a horrified guard who doesn't appreciate his altruistic sportsmanship. He is beaten and made prisoner. Still, he manages later to escape, but the Gestapo, in all sorts of disguises, follow relentlessly. They want to use him as Exhibit A in an alibi for their war moves. The furious man hunt leads across the Channel, through the shadows of London, down into the Underground, out into the Surrey countryside. Since Britain isn't yet at war with Germany, nobody dares help the audacious captain. Nobody except a lonely worldly-wise young woman who fleetingly encounters love too late. This girl and a little cabin boy are the only ones who dare face the Gestapo.

Walter Pidgeon is the alumnus big-game hunter who turns into big game himself, Joan Bennett is the Limey girl of the London underworld, George Sanders is the suave monocled head of the Gestapo. La Bennett's cockney is synthetic, her Jerry is none too believable, yet she manages several moving moments. Pidgeon is excellent in a tough role, Sanders admirable as the chief of Der Führer's secret police. The cabin boy is neatly done by a twelve-year-old English film refugee, Roddy McDowall, veteran of four years in British pictures. Roddy was so good that, while the shooting was under way, his role was expanded from a few scenes to almost a hundred. (Twentieth Century-Fox.)

★ ★ ★ OUT OF THE FOG

This is out-of-the-ordinary week in your Beverly Hills' moviegoing. Here is another oddity which may—or may not—hit you. Based on Irwin Shaw's moderately successful stage play of two seasons ago, The Gentle People, it tells a whimsical strange little yarn of murder, arson, and kindred doings along the Sheepshead Bay water front of Brooklyn.

Shaw wrote of two cronies, one a tailor, the other a short-order cook, who fled their humdrum existence—ran away from the world that trod heavily upon them—one night a week in a little fishing boat. Out of the fog comes a tough little racketeer to demand five dollars a week "protection" money for their boat. Otherwise boats thereabouts seem to catch fire in strange fashion. Worse yet, the racketeer steals the tailor's daughter from her dull, plodding "steady," gives her a taste of dangerous excitement. What to do? In the original Broadway play, the two gentle old cronies, pushed too far, disposed of the racketeer once and for all. Here the hard gent dies accidentally, thanks to Deacon Will Hays. Also the daughter's escapade with the bad boy gets no further than a hot rumba or two in a cheap dance hall.

Mr. Shaw's story, even with all the Hollywood sanitation, has a strange, different flavor as it moves along the fog-enshrouded Brooklyn water front. Here is tense drama deliberately underwritten and underplayed, a simple story of simple, inarticulate people. Anatole Litvak, let me add, directed it skillfully and sympathetically.

Ida Lupino makes the brooding, sullen Stella Goodwin, who, as a telephone girl, chants a million "Excuse it, pleases" by day, a real figure of shoddy, unrealized dreams—but Thomas Mitchell steals the picture as her father, the hard-pressed presser of pants.

John Garfield seems to me to make hard-boiled Harold Goff a trifle obvious—but you will find this a curiously arresting little story of nonentities trying to find their moments of escape along Brooklyn's water front, in dingy tenement flats, in sweaty Turkish baths, and shoddy tailor shops. Out of the Fog certainly isn't in the regulation Hollywood groove. (Warner Brothers.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Major Barbara, Citizen Kane, Meet John Doe, Pépé Le Moko, Kitty Foyle.

★★★½—The Devil and Miss Jones, That Hamilton Woman! A Girl, a Guy and a Gob, Tobacco Road, Cheers for Miss Bishop, So Ends Our Night, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, This Thing Called Love, Comrade X, Chad Hanna.

★★★—Caught in the Draft, In the Navy, Billy the Kid, Sunny, Blood and Sand, The Reluctant Dragon, Love Crazy, Kiss the Boys Goodbye, A Woman's Face, One Night in Lisbon, The Wagons Roll at Night, The Great American Broadcast, The Girl in the News, Flame of New Orleans, Ziegfeld Girl, The Cowboy and the Blonde, Penny Serenade, Pot o' Gold, The Sea Wolf, That Night in Rio, I Wanted Wings, Road to Zanzibar, That Uncertain Feeling, Back Street, The Lady Eve, Come Live with Me, Hudson's Bay, Santa Fe Trail, High Sierra, Go West.

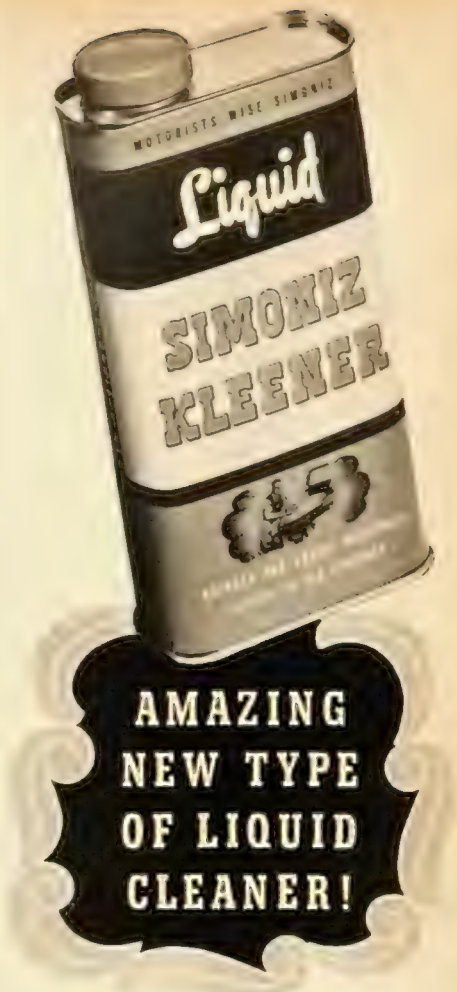
☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

(For eleven years Donald Gordon's opinions and ratings of new books have been used by some 25,000 libraries and bookstores. His Book Tip will be a weekly feature for readers of Liberty.)

SODOM BY THE SEA, by Oliver Pilat and Jo Ranson.

The revealing subtitle reads, "An Affectionate History of Coney Island," and the story covers the three-hundred-year transformation of the beach in the small Dutch-governed outpost of Gravesend to the raucous playground whose barkers battled for the nickels of a million and a quarter New Yorkers in a single day. From the swank hotels and cutthroat dives of the 1880s, the builders of fantastic amusements, the politicians, the prohibition gangsters of the '20s to the newly refurbished beach, it's all here. Coney always had color.



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London Calling

LIBERTY'S SHORT SHORT

BY PATRICK DENNIS

English Broadcasting Company
London, England

Monday, May 12, 1941.

Mr. R. L. Edwards, President,
American Broadcasting System,
Radio City, New York, N. Y.

Dear Boss:

Undoubtedly you will be floored to receive any personal communication from your trusted European newscaster that does not contain a very, very urgent request for more funds. But, unethical as that may be for your reporter to do, that is exactly what I am doing. Read on now, O Simon Legree, with full confidence that it isn't going to cost you any do-re-mi to finish this letter. (Incidentally, the Jerries are overhead tonight, as usual, so that if I have to finish this letter in longhand you'll know that they got your typewriter again.)

What I want to impress upon your mind is that I'm quitting! I'm finished, washed up, so far as being your London correspondent is concerned. I do hope I make myself clear. And please don't send me any tripe about how important, how necessary my work is. I promise to ignore it if you do. London is just too much for me! I want to get out! I didn't accept this London post with any agreement that I would handle the Sunday broadcasts between the refugee kids in America and their parents here. It was wished upon me later.

You must remember that my agreement with you was to cover the war. If you think that handling these Sunday broadcasts between the kids and their parents is war, you're as nutty as a fruitcake. It's plain hell—and nothing different!

Just to refresh your memory, you will recall that in the original Italo-Ethiopian slaughter of the natives I was the guy that sat and roasted in the desert while getting the gruesome details for you. But I didn't kick about that! In Poland, in Belgium, in France, I accompanied the retreating troops. I was as lousy as a Bowery flophouse, ate horse and dog meat, and forgot what a bath or a bed was like for months. But that was O. K. by me too! That's what I'd come to report! A man running down the road trying to stuff his guts back into his belly doesn't in the least affect me. I can eat and drink just as heartily watching him. I don't mind being hit in the face with an arm that has been blown off the man ahead of me, like I was in Belgium. That's all part of the game. But this London business is just too much.

As you already know, I've been bombed out of three apartments and one broadcasting station in the past few months. It has become quite a game. When I've finished at the broadcasting station and start home, I never can tell if I'll have a home when I get there. And when I start for the broadcasting station I never know whether it will be there when I arrive. But that's O. K. with me too! I'm not kicking or quitting because of that, either. It's those damn Sunday programs between the kids and their parents that are more than your reporter can take.

Take last Sunday—yesterday—for instance. Every Sunday it's about the same, but I won't bother you with more than yesterday's program. As you know, at the time of the scheduled broadcast there was an air raid going on. We were delayed for a few minutes, you will recall. I told you so over the hook-up before any of the parents arrived. I knew the delay wouldn't be more than a few minutes. These people over here would wade through hell and high water to get to a microphone and talk to their kids. You never saw such courage! People like Mrs. Littlejohn, I mean.

She was the second parent on yesterday's broadcast. She's a small little wisp of a woman, not more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years old. Pretty, too! When she entered the studio her clothes were torn and she was bespattered with mud and blood from head to foot. Her husband was supposed to be with her, but since he wasn't around and we have only a very limited time to broadcast, I put her on right away. I only had a moment's time to whisper to her before she began. The rest of the parents hadn't arrived as yet. They straggled in later, out of the raid, in ones and twos.

Well, thank God it wasn't a television broadcast. She wouldn't have made a pretty sight for her daughter in America to see. There were tears in her eyes but she wouldn't let them fall. You couldn't tell that over there. All you heard coming over the ocean was a smiling voice, a mother happy to hear her six-year-old daughter talking to her even for the brief moments she was allotted.

I couldn't help but marvel at the way she stood up under the ordeal. You see, I knew that her husband had been granted special leave from the R. A. F. so that he could be on this broadcast and speak to his child. I also knew that the blood that bespattered her white print dress was his blood.

He was killed on his way to the broadcast, just outside the station offices.

I almost choked to death when her daughter in the States asked, after talking to her for a moment, "Where's daddy?" Honest, a lump came up into my throat that would have choked a cow. And when, with a forced smile on her lips, the mother hid her feelings with a cheerful, "Oh, daddy couldn't . . . he couldn't quite make it today, darling," I just had to turn the microphone over to another announcer. That was enough for me!

You see, these people are not like I am. They're brave. They're restrained. They cover up their great sorrow. But, damn it all, when I feel like crying, I want to cry. And when I feel like socking somebody, somebody's going to be socked. That's why I'm asking you to either change my present assignment here or I quit. I just have to get out of London. I guess I'm just a softie. Anyway, I don't fit here.

Can't you send me back to Africa or some place where men fight wars and where women and children are not in the first line of defense? If not, please cable me my passage home.

Your very sick reporter,
LARRY DOYLE.

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

WHY I BELIEVE IN GOD AND PRAYER

Continued from page 15

to differentiate between good and evil? What is the quality in us that makes us instinctively abhor violence and, deep in our hearts, know it for the evil that it is, however much we may attempt to rationalize it?

I believe that without Divinity there would be no recognition of good and evil; there would be no conception of "right" and "wrong"; and therefore there would be no charity and devotion and nobility of spirit. Were these lacking in the world, then perhaps we might with reason declare there is no God.

In true democracy, I believe, is found the very essence and spirit of the divine principle. True democracy allows the people to govern themselves and decide for themselves; it grants them liberty of thought and liberty to express that thought. In so doing, they may often fall into error and perhaps commit crimes that cause untold suffering; but so long as they have liberty they will detect the error and finally overcome it at its root. The gain might be slowly won, but it will be lasting because it was achieved by their own will and effort. No gain is worth the winning, save that you win it yourself.

Would those who question the existence of God on the grounds of the mistakes that are committed in the world today prefer a God that struck down in death every wrongdoer, thus in principle establishing a benevolent spiritual dictatorship in which nothing would be won by the efforts of man himself?

It is the Fascist, not the democratic, state that relieves us of the necessity of thinking for ourselves and striving to work for our own improvement and the improvement of our fellow man!

The skeptic and the atheist point to those who worship God because it is the fashion to do so, or in order to deceive, and say, "If these are believers, then we are unbelievers." But Jesus worshiped God, too; is it not His example and faith that should be considered, rather than the example of a hypocrite?

There is something infinitely higher than intellect that rules us all, the skeptics included. Their skepticism and philosophy does not help them in the critical periods of their lives; face to face with a calamity, they find that there is little comfort and satisfaction in intellectual belief. The spiritual conception, which eludes the intellect, alone permits man to live to the fullest of his powers.

I expressed this conviction once to a friend, a widely read student whose own faith happened to be Buddhism. He differed with me.

"It is true," he said, "that there are very highly developed men to whom belief in God gives incredible comfort and help in the building of character. But there are some great spirits that can do without it. That is what Buddhism has taught me. For Buddha never prayed; he meditated."

The name does not matter, I answered, nor does the form. Buddha's was a spiritual meditation, and what is that but prayer? You may call it meditation if you will; what is important is the attempt to reach out to the Eternal.

Because I believe in God, I believe in prayer. It is the surest means of consciousness of His presence; that is its meaning, its strength, and its reward.

THE END

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QUEEN LOUELLA—THE PRIVATE LIFE OF COLUMNIST PARSONS—Continued from Page 17

So, for one reason and another, Hollywood Hotel closed its doors, and—what was far worse—opened them again without its hostess.

Louella flew East, presumably to get a new sponsor. But she could no longer play her trump card of something for nothing, and as months went by Hollywoodites began whispering that Louella was slipping. Rumors even floated westward from the throne rooms of the new regents of the Hearst empire that the Queen would be asked to abdicate. But Louella is not the abdicating kind.

Gathering to her queenly bosom a group of aspiring youngsters, Lolly started a cross-country "personal-appearance" tour, which gained momentum as it rolled along until when it reached New York it had become a box-office riot.

During the tour Lolly so jolly well proved that she still stood hunk with the great American public that she was able to go back to Hollywood with a new contractual dispensation from the Hearstian regents which exceeded in plenteousness and power anything which she had enjoyed before. Incidentally, so popular was Lolly as a box-office attraction that she was booked the second year for a return engagement strictly on her own merits, and is back on the air—free talent or no free talent—with a newly sponsored radio program called Hollywood Premières.

And what is the Parsons income from these multiform activities?

Well, from the hints already dropped—$2,250 a week from radio and $50,000 all in a lump from pictures—it is easy to figure that it isn't small. Her basic Hearst salary is said to be $850 weekly. Her weekly earnings from personal-appearing, while she is working at it, average $3,300 after all expenses are paid except income tax. This may not be all net, though.

There are collateral sources of income, too. Dr. Martin has become the favorite bedside-manner expert of the stars, the most sought-after staff physician of the studios. Parsons, Jr. has held down several lucrative jobs as columnist, radio commentator, and producer of movie shorts. And then there are the presents Louella receives. At her wedding the "take" was enormous and included a $25,000 bauble from Boss Hearst. What a decade of birthdays and Christmases and Easters have done for her since, no man knoweth.

Her generosity, however, has often equaled, sometimes exceeded, her acquisitiveness. Many a down-and-out movie actor and actress who have lived on Lolly's largess will testify to that; so will many a down-and-out newspaperman who has found Los Angeles the end of his journalistic trail.

Not only money but loyalty Louella gives, and with a lavish hand. Relentless as she can be in pursuing an actor or actress who has failed to give her an exclusive scoop on a marriage or divorce or adoption or birth, her devotion, once given, is everlasting. Her column is always ready to give old-timers a boost to help them to a comeback. And she has faithfully kept her promises of steady plugging for stars who appeared on her radio shows and the starlets who helped make her road shows a success.

Incidentally, and perhaps not so incidentally either, her loyalty to Mr. Hearst—although sometimes, as in the Citizen Kane case, possibly overzealous—has never wavered.

Personally, as you may have gathered, I like Louella. I have had the privilege of sitting next to her at Hollywood dinner tables, of watching her work at Hollywood parties, of witnessing the long procession of favor seekers elbowing each other to gain her ear at a Hollywood restaurant—and, as one hard-working writing guy to another, I take off my hat to her.

May she and Dr. Martin long enjoy the comfort of Marsons' Farm in the San Fernando Valley, and may no actor-writer-director-producer like Orson Welles ever again presume to rise up in his youthful might and try to raise Kane with her!

THE END

CROSSWORDS

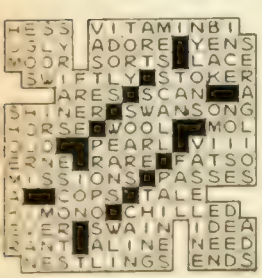
by Lee Pasquin

HORIZONTAL

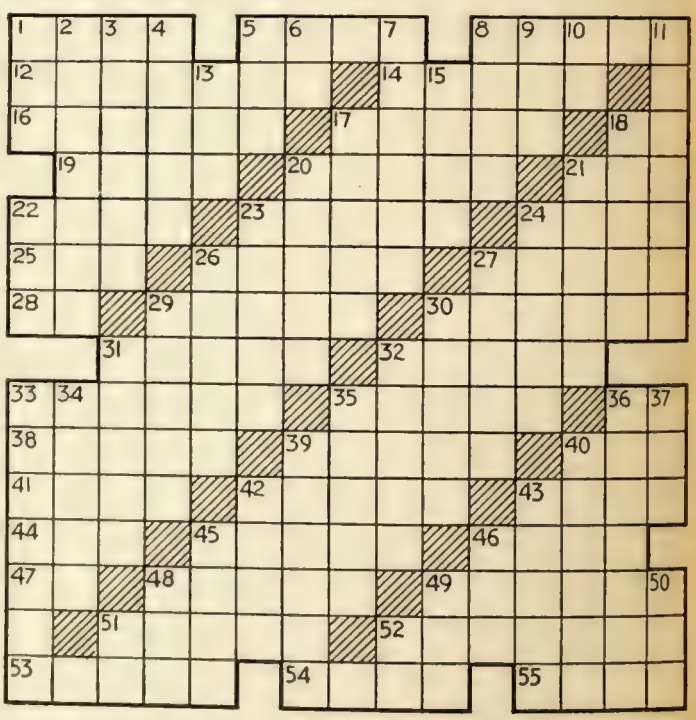
1 Quarrel
5 Naked
8 Without company
12 Hair dressing (pl.)
14 Not at any time
16 Wing-footed
17 Part of a ship
18 Pronoun
19 Paradise
20 Moist
21 Male cat
22 Sour
23 Repulse
24 Prefix: half
25 Sped
26 Part of a staircase
27 Doctrine
28 By
29 Scraped with the forefoot
30 Sullen
31 Acted as a clown
32 Opera by Massenet
33 Made reparation
35 Harbor
36 Personal pronoun
38 Deadly poison (pl.)
39 Genus of the cat family
40 Turkish governor
41 Beverage (pl.)
42 Vegetable mold
43 Carry
44 Plot
45 Greek letter (pl.)
46 Auction
47 Preposition
48 Danger
49 Judge's chamber
51 Wing section of an airplane
52 Driven by
53 African antelope
54 Egress
55 Floated

VERTICAL

1 Watering place
2 Skunk
3 Supposed soluble principle of starch
4 Bound
5 Article of furniture
6 Conjunction
7 Smooth hard coating
8 Greedy
9 Permit
10 Either
11 Hermit
13 Lair
15 Sinful
17 Deceived
18 Residence (pl.)
20 Cut
21 Carpentry term
22 Macaw
23 Married again
24 Bird
26 Specifies
27 Note (pl.)
29 Wastes away from distress
30 Song thrush
31 French artist
32 Genus of apple trees
33 Ear-shaped gastropod
34 Claw
35 Pertaining to the blood
36 Measured
37 Look intently
39 Hopeless
40 Composition by Ravel
42 At this place
43 More domesticated
45 Bow
46 Carpenter's tool
48 Kitchen utensil
49 Sheltering structure
50 Fruit drink
51 Parent (colloq.)
52 Greek letter



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

It kind of brought me up with a start to realize that the girl who'd been working for me for almost a year now had actually known and danced with and visited all these big muck-a-mucks. She was their pal. Or had been.

Then I heard crying in the next room, and before I stopped to think what I was doing I stuck my head between the curtains.

Lucy Billings was on the bed and it was her who was crying. And on the bed also, and over the two chairs, were seven or eight evening dresses. They were kind of tarnished and dull.

I must have made some noise, because she sat up.

"I—I didn't mean to be so long, Jake."

"Nothing to worry about. Things are quiet."

"I just got a radiogram from Lertman—Oliver O. Lertman."

I said, "Uh-huh?"

"Jake, he's coming down in a yacht. Stewart Achenson's. They ought to be in here Friday. And he wants to show me off in front of the Achensons and the rest of them." She waved her arms. "And look what I've got to wear!"

"Well, hell," I said, "this is Tahiti."

"Yes, but *they* are not Tahiti! Oliver was here for a few weeks, years ago, but he doesn't really know the place. He thinks I have some money and a house. It isn't like showing off as people do in other places. But I've got *some* pride left! And in his case—"

"Why him in particular?" I interrupted, feeling lousy.

"Why, because he took me away from here, and he was responsible for my coming back. He was—it was something we couldn't seem to agree about. I don't say he'd actually be glad to see me in the kind of—"

"Well, hell!" I said. "There's no reason why you shouldn't use my house out in Faaa. It's not very fancy, but I've kept it up nice, and I've got a nice garden there. Why don't you use that? You can have a few days off, or a week, or however long they're going to stay. And we could fix you up with some clothes, somehow." I said. "It's nothing to cry about, is it?"

She stood up slowly and came over to me and she stood frowning into my face a moment, so close that I could practically feel her breath.

"You know, Jake," she said, "you're a pretty swell guy."

☆ THERE were a lot of things I missed in the eight days that yacht was in Papeete. I missed the morning flower, and my own flowers too; but of course most of all I missed Lucy. It wasn't so much the extra work, because actually I was glad of all the work I could get right then. But I missed having her around.

I was living in Lucy's rented shack in town, and filling the little front yard there was the tiare bush from which, naturally, she'd got all the flowers she ever gave me. It was lousy with blooms every morning, and of course I helped myself; but it wasn't the same. I guess flowers that you pick yourself never are the same.

Then, of course, I missed my garden. I used to fool around there for the last hour or so of daylight each day. My joint closes early, not having music or food, and after the last customer had gone I used to say goodby to Lucy and pedal my bicycle the five miles out to my place in Faaa; and then I'd have that hour or two in the garden before dinner and bed. I was pretty fond of the dump out there. But Lucy was there now, when she wasn't on the yacht. So I stayed away.

☆ LUCY, with only three days to get fixed up in, had done wonders, especially since she didn't have very much cash to do it with; because, though I gave her a lot of advance salary, I didn't have very much money myself. She didn't try to make over any of her old gowns—that would have been foolish; and in Tahiti, anyway, a woman never needs an evening gown. She used her head. She had the simplest possible local dresses made out of pareus and the best of other materials she could get. But even then of course it was necessary that these things get down on time and that they fit her. You don't get good service in Tahiti as a rule. Time's a joke. It is not a case of tomorrow, but of next week—if then. The only way I was able to help was by keeping after the dressmakers all the time, dropping in on them four or five times a day, threatening not to pay them. It was all a big laugh around Papeete for a guy like me to be doing that—a guy who's supposed to be tough. But I did do it; and at least one new dress went out on the bus to Faaa every day during the time the Achensons were in our midst.

Them I didn't see much of, naturally. There were two other guests besides Oliver O. Lertman, though I'm sure the natives had it doped out that the Achensons were guests themselves while Lertman was the owner, from the way he acted. He had been here before, so he knew all about the place. He would walk along the quay with a frangipani from my own garden stuck behind each ear, and he'd tell the Achensons and Welsbachs (the other couple) what they ought to buy in the way of shell boxes and *tikis* and likewise what they ought not to.

They came into my place once. It seems that they were slumming, and my place being a water-front place and, I suppose, about as rough-and-tumble a one as there is in Papeete, they came in starry-eyed and agape for trouble. Which they didn't get. But they almost got it.

I would have pretended I'd never seen them before, meaning really Lucy. But she wouldn't have any of that. She came straight to the bar

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and plopped her palms down on it and grinned at me.

"*Eiaha na oe mai te reira,* Jake! *Eaha te huru?*"

"Oh, all right," I said. "What're you having?"

Because she spoke to me, the others did. The Welsbachs and Achensons presumably figured that even Oliver O. Lertman wasn't as sound an authority on Tahiti as the once famous Tara. They must have known by that time, anyway, that there isn't any more democratic place in the world, the natives never having learned what class distinctions are all about. The Achensons and the Welsbachs, not to mention Lertman himself—who was a large soft well shaven ball of flesh pinkish with white powder delicately puffed over him, and with very blond hair and very blue eyes and a hurt mouth—would not ordinarily address a common barman; but if Tara did it, that made it all right.

☆ SO they gave me a thrill by addressing me practically as if I was a human being, and they ordered rum punches. I don't think they liked the punches much and they only sipped them, trying not to make faces—which wasn't strange considering the rum I'd used, stuff that even the natives wouldn't take; except that I made Lucy's out of good Martinique.

"This squalor," Oliver O. Lertman was telling them when I served the drinks, "is something you ought to see, but it's not the true Tahiti. It's what the white man has brought. Papeete is not the true Tahiti. Indeed, it is virtually the antithesis of Polynesia's own soul," said Oliver O. Lertman, while nobody cracked even a smile, "in that it lacks all spontaneity and all that charm of simplicity and that childlike trustfulness and generosity which is—which sort of represents the true Tahiti."

Well, lots of guys come here and talk about the true Tahiti, or at least so I'm told; I never hear them personally, because they never come to my place, guys like that.

"At the same time," added Oliver O. Lertman, "I feel that you should see this side of it, too."

After that I went back of the bar and poured myself a straight drink of the same kind of rum I'd put into Lucy's punch. All the same, I had to pass their table from time to time. Lertman was now devoting himself to Lucy in a low voice. I couldn't get exactly what he was saying, except that it was something about her being too good for a life like this and a place like this—meaning the island, not my dump. And he told her to think of her talent, how she was wasting that by being buried down here in the South Seas. Hadn't she, he asked, ever thought of it that way?

I didn't get Lucy's answer, because I leaned closer than I should have, and a wet glass in my hand touched the back of Lertman's head and made him jump as though the glass had been a red-hot poker.

"Sloppy fool!" he muttered. "Really, some of these half-castes are intolerable!"

Well, maybe he wasn't to be expected to know that I was more American than he'd ever be.

However, I didn't do anything. I didn't even take another slug of rum, though I felt like it.

And then one of the native boys got rough and I had to go into my flying-wedge routine.

It was all right. There was never anything to worry about, as pretty nearly everybody present except the *popaas,* the slummers, knew. Bum's-rushing Terii was just a chore. He never really tried to resist me much, knowing by experience that when I grabbed him he was going to go out—still, he did try to make himself as troublesome as possible by kicking over tables on the way. One of his feet, which were bare, caught the underside of the table the yachting party sat at.

No harm was done. The table wasn't knocked over. All the kick did was jar the drinks, so that some of them spilled a little. I muttered, "Sorry!" and puffed right past, propelling Terii.

I deposited Terii in the road outside, among a lot of bicycles, and he went right to sleep. I brushed off my hands and went back inside, and was heading for the tiare, which had fallen from behind my ear and was lying in the middle of the floor, when just then Lucy Billings slid out of her chair and started toward it.

I knew what she was going to do. She was going to pick that flower up and hand it to me, just the way she'd done time and again. But this time she didn't have a chance. It seems that Oliver O. was all worked up. He didn't like places where there was roughhouse—men being kicked out and so forth.

"We're going to leave! Now!" he kept saying. And his face and pate were so pink they even began to get red. "Tara! come along! No, you don't want that dirty flower!"

He didn't know what the flower meant, of course, when he stamped on it. But I didn't stop to consider this. I went for him right away.

He would have been the second man I'd ever poked in my own place. Maybe he *should* have been. He wasn't a bit tight. But Lucy caught my eye, and she was looking at me sideways and kind of grinning a little. She didn't plead, even with her eyes. She just grinned. And I swallowed, and swore, and with my head down went back behind the bar.

Lertman and the Achensons and the Welsbachs left three days after that, and I never saw them again.

☆ IT was late in the afternoon when they sailed—later, as a matter of fact, than I usually kept open. But I wasn't anxious to get out to the garden in Faaa just yet.

I stood in front of the dump staring out over the bay toward the pass which the Achenson yacht was approaching. It was just that time in the late afternoon when everything seems to sort of hang suspended in the middle of a flock of sunset that isn't going to change any. This one came crashing across the peaks of Moorea in streamers that looked as if they were cut out of blue-purple pasteboard by some kid with a mad imagination.

I was just about to turn away when Lucy Billings said to me, very low: "Well, they're gone, Jake."

It gave me a start, she had come up so quiet.

"Did you have a good time?" I asked her.

Nobody in all Papeete was moving except one half-naked stevedore who lay on some sacks of copra with a guitar on his chest, and the only part of *him* that moved were his hands as he strummed the guitar. He didn't even have energy enough to sing.

"Well, in a way I did, yes. It—it's hard to explain. Talking about sherry parties again, and production schedules, and premières . . . I suppose that's childish of me, but I never really had much of it, you see, Jake. It was sort of cut off short, in my case."

She paused, staring somberly out toward the reef. The Achenson yacht, having nosed its way through the pass, had started back toward a mainland I forget how many thousands of miles away.

☆ "THE house was lovely, Jake," she went on. "I couldn't believe that a man—just a man alone— There were so many things I never would have thought of but you did. It was mighty sweet of you, Jake."

"I'm glad you liked it," I said.

She nodded toward the disappearing boat.

"Lertman asked me to go back to California. He definitely promised me a contract, and he'd put up the money himself if I needed a little something for clothes and so forth. He'd been surprised to find me looking so well and living in such a nice place. I think he'd expected to get a there-but-for-the-grace-of-God story to tell the boys at the Brown Derby."

I said, "Oh?"

"The offer was sincere enough. No strings to it. I won't have to keep saying no and keep my bags packed. Lertman believes that South Sea Island pictures are due again, and he's lining up players and writers with that in mind. People want faraway escapist romantic stuff, he says."

I said, looking over what was left of the sunset: "You going?"

"Well," she said, "Jake, I think I will." Then she said in a hurry, in a low tumbling voice: "It was too much to resist. To talk about all those things again, to talk about them with people who know about them . . . And just to live that way again, in a nice house like yours, with a nice servant and nice meals . . ."

I had got her a Chinaman who'd once worked for a millionaire in Honolulu and knew his stuff.

"I see."

"You get it, don't you, Jake?"

"Oh, sure I get it! Nothing more

natural in the world." It was dark now and I could make the show of turning back into the café. "What we'll have to do," I said, "is, we'll have to give you a farewell party. I suppose you'll be going on the freighter next week for Frisco? I'll look over my stock and see if we can't dig up something really good for you."

So that was when I turned back into the café. It was dark there, but I didn't light any lights. I went back of the bar and opened a little closet where I kept my choice stock.

☆ I KNEW what it would mean. Another picture or two, another splash of excitement, all sorts of friends, big plans—and then suddenly nothing. In other words, it would be the same thing all over again. Only it would be horrible to see her come back this time.

But she wanted to go. She was a woman, and I suppose she was entitled to those things if she could possibly get them.

But it made me kind of sick to think of it, and it was dark there in the café anyway, and I didn't give a damn, so I just sat down on a case of beer underneath the bar and cried like a kid. I couldn't help it—I felt so lousy.

She came just as quietly this time, not bumping anything, because after all she knew her way around in that place. I didn't know anything about her being there until I felt her hand slide across my shoulders and her hip nestle right up against mine.

"Jake, I never meant a word of that! I only wanted to— Lertman *did* make me an offer, yes. But I turned it down. I wouldn't have dreamed of accepting, even if it hadn't been for you."

I could hear her voice perfectly clear, and when I answered I could hear my own voice. I sounded scared.

"What do you mean, if it hadn't been for me?"

"Jake, do you really think I'd be silly enough to go back to that pack of cutthroats and phonies and leave you? Jake, you're so—you're so *dumb* about certain things!" It was about this time that I realized that *she* was crying now! "I only told you that stuff about going back to Hollywood because I thought it might make you—well, that you might throw your arms around me and kiss me. I had to do *something!*"

Well, I guess I am kind of dumb, at that, but I got the idea after a while. We sat there for a long time. In fact, I guess it was the latest the doors of my place were ever open. The latest they ever will be, too! Because I close up at five o'clock nowadays, regardless of how many customers there are in the place, and by five-five I'm pedaling out toward Faaa. This gives me a full hour in the garden and still time left over for a shower before dinner; which Lucy insists on, because she says she won't have me sitting down to the table all sweaty and dirty. And I suppose she's right. She usually is.

THE END

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But such a man was Leopold Aul, and as explained in his own words: "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?' he asked, 'they did wonders for me.'"

What Is An Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestine of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade four quarts of the cleansing solution may be sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In a short time your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole foul mass; the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

Send for This *Free Booklet*

Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail this coupon and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment.

Read Mr. Aul's Astounding Letter

"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for $1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

Leopold Aul
1505 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

• • • •

I would like to thank you kindly for your letter of Dec. 7th and the interest which you showed in my case. I have used the Cascade for a little over a month now and feel like a different person. My husband has also received great benefit from it. I do regret that I did not hear of the Cascade many years ago.

Mrs. Oliver Roylance
R.D. No. 1, Waterford, N. Y.

• • • •

I would not take ten times the price for it. Don't see how I ever got along without a J.B.L. Cascade. My health is much better and still improving. I was terribly constipated, nervous, bloated, etc. I can truthfully say that the Cascade has helped me from the very first. I thoroughly enjoy it now and am enjoying my meals—everything tastes so good.

Mrs. Roy Brown, c/o A. Fiske
3929 Bronson Blvd., Kalamazoo, Mich.

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Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

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Is the skin between your toes red, itchy? Or is it moist, white, cracked, broken out in tiny blisters? Then act at once—

Douse on wonderful soothing Zemo (Extra Strength). Feel how *promptly* Zemo relieves the itching, burning torture. Zemo ALSO helps heal. Apply Zemo freely—soon your discomfort should disappear. Many druggists say they've never yet found anything so effective. First trial of *Extra Strength* Zemo should convince YOU! Inexpensive.

ZEMO

HOW WILL THE DRAFT AFFECT THE MOVIES?

It's true that Jimmy Stewart is in the Army now—and by this time probably two or three more of our popular young stars are doing their stint for Uncle Sam. But what about the rest of those young, hale and healthy, fancy-free movie stars? Can it be that they are getting preferred handling? "Fearless" Photoplay-Movie Mirror's special writer who remains nameless because he knows and sees so much that goes on inside of the screen capital has tackled Hollywood's touchiest subject—and gives the right answers! Read—THE TRUTH ABOUT THE DRAFT IN HOLLYWOOD in this August issue of Photoplay Movie Mirror.

OTHER HIGHLIGHTS IN THIS ISSUE—you get *two* magazines for the price of one—are MY BRIDE, ALICE FAYE, Dorothy Kilgallen's "You Can't Print *That* About HOLLYWOOD", pages and pages of beautiful life-like portraits of film favorites, many in full color, Cal York's famous gossip column, fashions, and a wealth of interesting reading you can't afford to miss at 10 cents—a price you'll never miss.

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

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MOSCO CORN REMOVER

FOOTSTEPS BEHIND HER—Continued from Page 19

Their presence was proof of their complicity, but in what way Jo didn't know. The elevator boy said he had taken up the old couple, but they must have left even before Jo and Dick had come in. And yet, this was no coincidence. Looking back on the last two days, Jo had the feeling that there had been no coincidences at all except for the one accident of meeting Dick on the bus. A machine had been in motion and Jo had become caught in one of the gears. When new sets meshed, when speeds varied, the haphazard impressions she got were due only to her own ignorance of the fundamental forces and torques.

This was no lunatic coincidence. In a city of millions so many chance meetings were mathematically impossible. Jo was seeing the transformation of a blueprint into three-dimensional motion.

In spite of her own longing to get back to the shelter of her room, and the creeping terror at being exposed alone in this open forest of people, Jo knew that she had to follow them.

There was even a certain tense, precariously balanced assurance in walking behind them. It was like stalking a man-eating tiger who is looking for you. You are completely unarmed, and he is your main enemy, implacable and indestructible; you can do nothing against him but run. But at least, seeing him, you know where he is. You can watch him, and you are safe . . . until he chances to glance backward.

The two people, well built but commonplace, continued their stroll. Occasionally they would come to a stop and glance into a store window. Jo could see their faces reflected in the glass, their casual appraising expressions. Jo would avert her head and hide behind the moving screen of passing people until they moved on once more. They skirted the curious crowd in front of Teddy Halloran, who was still broadcasting his sidewalk program. The woman glanced casually just once.

☆ THE stills in front of a movie entrance caught their attention, and they paused to examine them. The theater barker, a tall young man in a once garish uniform, hawked the picture through a small megaphone.

"The most passionate picture on Broadway!" he intoned. "Immediate seating. No waiting, no delay. See the mad, brutal, primitive passion of Clark Gable ensnare Hedy Lamarr."

He was speaking to a vacuum, and he gazed in stony fashion at the inchoate mass of passers-by. His tired eyes brushed over them like an impersonal breeze and then met Jo's. A friendly, self-mocking light came into his face. He watched her as she stood in the doorway, demanding her attention. He saw that she was looking in the direction of the two people, and he walked past them, ostentatiously projecting himself into her vision. He played little tricks with his hand, trying to coax her eyes to him.

"The Greatest Sin," he said through his megaphone. He was speaking to her, Jo knew. Through the medium of his mechanical patter he was saying hello to her. "See Clark Gable and Hedy." He winked jovially at her, and people who were passing, noticing the polarized set of his eyes, followed his gaze and were amused at his impudence. It was contagious. Everybody who passed glanced at her until her hiding place in the doorway had become the most exposed spot in the vicinity. Nevertheless she stayed there, watching the two people who continued their study of the stills.

They would stand in one place, their heads fixed to stare at one photograph, shift their position suddenly and go on to the next. At each move Jo felt an inward shrinking for fear they might see her. With the slightest increase in angle she would come into their vision, or they might look up and see the absent smiles of the others who were watching her.

☆ "FIRST New York showing!" the barker went on. The blast of his megaphone swept out to her, and even the girl at the ticket window craned her neck. The two people looked up idly at the girl and her smile, but didn't follow it to Jo.

They stared into the lobby and for a moment weighed the allure of more racks of stills. Then the woman plucked at the man's elbow and they walked on down Broadway. As Jo stepped out of the store entrance after them, passing the barker, he called out, "Hey, don't miss The Greatest Sin. You'll never forget it—and I do mean you, the most stuck-up girl in town, who stands in doorways trailing people like a detective!"

Jo hurried on, and the cloud of pointing smiles was past. The barker's voice faded into a chatter and became a slick male quartet singing out from a music store in an intricate rhythmic chant. The crowds grew thick as Jo passed through a bottle neck caused by some sidewalk obstruction, and then, as the congestion fell back to normal, she saw the two people pause in front of a drugstore on the corner. The woman looked into the store and said something. The man nodded. Then he took her arm and they disappeared into the place.

It was one of those huge drugstores, the modern monstrous descendant of the village "emporium." As Jo walked up to the entrance she saw a confusion of tables running down the center of the place, piled high with cheap merchandise and still higher with placards which announced the price and value with nothing less modest than superlatives. There was a noon rush at the long soda fountain, where the customers crowded three deep around those sitting.

Jo edged her way in to the empty drug counter and turned her face to-

ward the wall. Then, under cover of the passing customers and the huge placards, she looked up and started her search for the two people.

They were not at any of the tables, nor were they at the fountain. In the rear of the store, past a line of telephone booths, was another door opening into the side street. The door was still swinging on its hinges as though some one had just passed through. With another survey of the store, Jo assured herself that they were not in sight and then started for the rear entrance. They might very easily have gone out that way.

Suppose they knew all the time that she had been following them, and they used this ruse just as a means of dodging her. They might have discovered it anywhere along the walk down, or they might even have known about her being there all along. That was the most terrifying idea of all. Walking behind them had made her feel safe as long as she thought they were unaware of her; but now she had the feeling that she had been tossing a small ball up into the air, only to discover when it was halfway down that it contained a high explosive.

☆ JO walked quickly to the rear of the store through the crowd. She walked without trying to hide now, because she was so sure that the two were gone. The tables and people moved past her until there was nothing between her and the door but a short stretch which went past the telephone booths. She glanced casually into one of the booths, and stopped dead in her tracks.

Seated there was the woman. Her face was slightly averted as she spoke into the mouthpiece. The next booth to her was empty, but in the one beyond sat the huge man. He was chewing on a cigar and gray swirls of smoke billowed against the glass door.

For a moment, caught off balance, Jo stood and watched them. She was totally unprotected by any cover and could easily be seen. She was caught there between them and for a moment was undecided in which direction she should go. At any time they might look up and glance out.

Finally Jo crossed to the empty center booth between them and closed the heavy glass door.

The voices and clatter from the fountain faded into a dull roar. The thick solid glass pane was full of striations, giving everything outside a wavy appearance. When Jo moved her head slightly, everything outside seemed to drift and change shape. Wrinkles appeared on the face of a man with a long head and then vanished. A woman's hat seemed sheared off in the middle.

Jo leaned back in the small seat against the wall of the booth, trying to hear what the man behind her was saying.

She could hear nothing.

It might be that he was listening to some one at the other end, and so she waited for his voice to answer.

EMBLEMS OF EXCELLENCE

INTERNATIONAL STAR CLASS TROPHY. "The Blue Ribbon of the Seven Seas" is the name often given the world's championship trophy of the International Star Class Yacht Racing Association. To win this cup, shown at the right, the owner of a Star Class yacht must first become champion of his Fleet —and then outsail Fleet champions from every quarter of the globe in a final series of international races. To win this cup you must be a sailor indeed; you must be better than good!

ETHYL EMBLEM. There is an award for excellence in gasoline too. It is the Ethyl emblem. Gasoline in a pump which bears this emblem has to be better than good. It must be "tops" in anti-knock (octane number) and all-round quality. "Ethyl" means a cooler-running engine in summer, extra power throughout the year. When you stop to buy gasoline, the Ethyl emblem tells you which pump contains the best.

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His reply might give her some idea about his identity and his connections. The seconds of silence dragged past. As customers would walk by, the passing voices would rise and become audible for a word and then die into a faint rumble.

There was still no sound from the booth at her back.

Sitting between them this way, so close, took more courage than she thought she possessed. Yet, as a matter of fact, she didn't have it at all, because she was past terror that could be recognized as such. Jo was a mélange of nerves and compulsions. She reacted now to situations and opportunities on the spur of the moment, against caution, against possible eventualities. She was so taut and aware of even the smallest stimuli that every unexpected noise came as a thunderous avalanche of sound, every motion by the meekest-looking passer-by became a murderous lunge toward her. If this was courage, then all great heroes were no more than desperate men driven mad by terror.

Jo moved slightly, and realized that her eyes were tired. When she tried to relax, she found that she had been holding her eyes distended, keeping them as wide open as possible to see as much as she could, and also in sympathy with her straining ears. She wanted to encompass all sensation, all sound, so that she might distinguish one telltale whisper that would be a clue. But there was nothing. From the booth behind there was no sound.

Jo leaned forward and heard a subdued murmur from the booth in front of her; but the sense of the words was impossible to get. It was an unrhythmic chatter, rising and falling in cadence, ceasing now and then in its flow to become monosyllabic, then silent, then continuous again.

An annoying pressure on Jo's ankle penetrated her awareness. She reached down and felt a placard leaning against her. She picked it up and held it to the light. The sign said in large black letters:

TELEPHONE
OUT OF ORDER

Immediately the booth became almost totally dark. Some one was standing in front of the glass. Jo could see the enormous breadth of a man's shoulder, the cloth flattened and smooth against the glass, the thick neck and spruce gray felt hat.

The man from the booth behind was leaning against her door.

Involuntarily she tried to shrink back into the corner, and suddenly realized in dismay how shallow the booth was. She lowered her head, hoping for the shadow to be lifted. It remained.

The contralto murmuring from the next booth was audible, but no more than that. For some reason, a vague memory began to run through Jo's mind. It had to do with an operating room. She remembered the odor of it very distinctly. There was also the memory of her mother telling her that if she were a good girl and gave the doctor no trouble when he removed her tonsils she would get all the ice cream she could eat.

Jo remembered the smiling nurse with the little golden skull pin at her neck and the frightening smell of her hands. It was the same odor that had pervaded the entire building.

The doctor too had caught clouds of the scent in his fingers.

Suddenly, she remembered, he had placed something over her face, and this time it was the odor intensified a million times. It seemed to suck her into the little cone over her face and bathe her in its sharp, too sweet acridity. The odor persisted in her mind, and Jo recalled the helpless feeling of being dragged into a vortex.

And then Jo knew why it was so clear in her mind, so easy to recall.

The air in the booth was becoming saturated with chloroform. Her gaze wandered over the glass window, and then down to the wooden partition that made up the rest of the door. In the center of the panel there were four small round holes that had served as a ventilator. In the gloom caused by the man's back, she could see that the holes were white. She touched one with the tip of a finger. It was a soft white cloth, icy cold and dripping. And then Jo saw that the man who stood there was holding the cloth in his hand. With the other he held his cigar in his mouth.

Jo pushed against the door, but it didn't budge. She hammered her fist

To whisk off beards in record time
Use Thin Gillettes—four for a dime!
These thrifty blades shave clean and fast—
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against the window, but the small fleshy cushions on the side of her hand made only slight thudding sounds on the heavy pane. No one outside could hear it.

There was still the telephone; but then, what about the sign? She remembered it abruptly, and the memory came with a suspended breath. Perhaps, perhaps . . . just barely perhaps . . . the sign was wrong.

She groped in her bag in the darkness, and the idiotic triviality of finding the correct coin was maddening. She sorted her change with her tactile sense, and found a coin that had the right feel. She brought it up to the meager light. It was a penny.

She searched again in the well known crevices, the soft cloth folds and tucks she knew so well, and it seemed that even the air about her benumbed fingers was swirling heavily. There were no nickels in her bag!

Hysterically she began to berate herself for the stupid omission. It became a major mistake to her mind, and its magnitude grew with her own realization of the position she was in. She pushed against the door again, bracing herself with one arm against the opposite wall of the booth; but the man held it as solidly as though the door were sealed.

Jo called out for help; but when she stopped for breath, she heard a high, female voice pick up where she left off and continue in a breathless torrent of angry speech. She could see that the woman in the next booth had opened her door and was arguing into the telephone so that her voice masked Jo's.

☆ THE vapor was becoming heavy by now, sharp and sickening. Jo threw herself back in the seat, almost whimpering, and stared at the telephone, a tantalizing door of escape, except that she had no key.

The three graduated holes in the coin receptacle above the box glittered dully. She could barely make out the numbers 5, 10, 25.

A dime would do!

At least, if the telephone were in order, she would attract the attention of the operator. The realization came with a blinding happiness. It was a discovery of the first magnitude. Never before in her life had it ever occurred to Jo to call "Operator" with anything but a nickel. It was the tradition that had become a reflex.

The coin dropped through with a high ringing chime that was much more melodious than a nickel's clank. Jo held the receiver to her ear, hardly breathing to avoid the fumes.

There was no answering drone. The sign was correct: the phone was dead.

With Jo's panic a deadly clarity came. Everything stood out sharp and fine. Her mind was analytic now, intense and devoid of emotion. Fear was in her body, tingling, tense, ready to withdraw at the first pressure. It was in her throat, trying to fight off the vapor. But Jo was able to see, and see unshadowed, the trap into which she had fallen.

These people—the man and woman outside—had been in the hotel lobby while the old couple were upstairs in the bridegroom's room committing the murder. They had sat there very quietly, knowing all the time what was going on in the bedroom. Their purpose was to cover the retreat, or, if need be, to stop the wife on some trivial excuse if she should come into the lobby on her way upstairs. This would give one of them time to make a warning call on the hotel telephone.

Since nothing had happened and nothing had gone wrong, they remained behind to see what would follow. Dick had got away, but it was Jo they wanted. The only reason she could give for that was that she was the only one who could identify them. They had played on her credulity and led her into the trap. She was in after the bait and the jaws were closed. Jo was caught in this telephone booth, only slightly larger than a coffin.

☆ IN her panic she tried to rise, but there wasn't enough room for her. She pushed against the door and beat silently on the glass. She was panting now, and short of breath. She remembered again how the doctor, just before the operation, had put the cone over her nose and mouth.

"Breathe deeply." She recalled his voice, condescending and impersonal. "Breathe deeply like a sweet little girl and it'll soon be all over."

And now she had to breathe deeply from her exertion, knowing all the time what it would mean. Her eyes were smarting and her hands shook. She braced her feet against the door, but the man was too strong for her. The door wouldn't give.

If there were only room to move about in, or if she could change her cramped position! This forced immobility had a slowly terrifying effect. It meant nothing at all until all avenues of escape were seen to be closed.

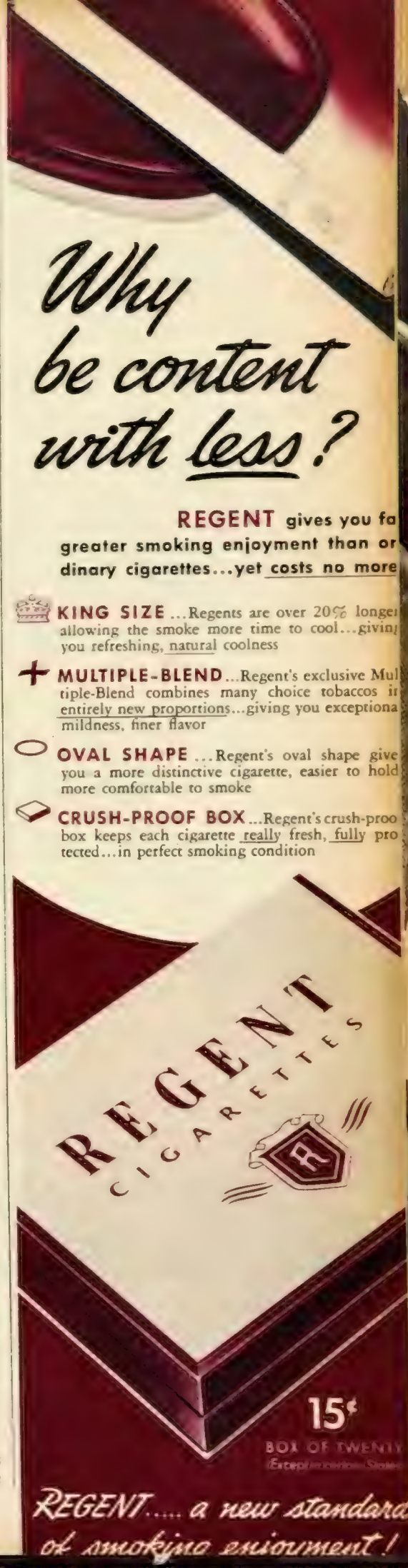
Only then, when it became clear that here she had to stay, did she realize that not only could she not move outside but it was impossible to move inside, either.

Jo tried to call out, but now all she could manage was a sob. She reached down and took off a shoe, using the heel to beat the glass. But the pane was too thick and the rubber cushion killed the sound. There was only one more weapon in the booth. Jo took the receiver off the hook and with all her might she threw it against the window —and closed her eyes.

There was a crash as both the window and the receiver shattered. Jo could feel the splinters fall on her hands and in her lap. But the expected rush of clean air didn't come; there wasn't much relief. The air became smoky, and when Jo opened her eyes, she saw that the man outside had opened the door very wide and was staring in with the most solicitous concern imaginable in his face.

But not in his eyes.

This man's eyes didn't belong in his face; they were too cold almost to be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human. In them, for that moment when their faces were so close, Jo could see no sign of warmth, of humanity. These eyes were of ice, and they extended all the way back into the man's head—ice all the way.

"What's wrong, young lady?" he asked. The voice came out sliding smoothly on ball bearings. The long thin lips were bland, the eyebrows inquiring politely. The cigar rolled in his mouth and became immobilized for a second as he drew in on it. Then he blew out the smoke, slowly and thickly, with careful smiling calculation, right in her face, obliterating the smell of chloroform. "Is there anything I can do?"

He leaned in to help her to her feet, and as his long thick arm came snaking in to reach her, he puffed deeply and rapidly, filling the booth with the bitter-smelling blue swirls of smoke which crept down the green walls of the cubicle.

Jo withdrew from his hand, shaken by his effrontery. A small crowd of customers had collected behind him and were staring at her. But the manager of the store broke through them, and his expression demanded an explanation. Jo could see his outraged authority. She rose quickly and stepped over to him.

☆ "I WANT you to arrest that man," she said quickly. "He tried to chloroform me."

The manager's eyes grew round. He stared stupidly at her, and then at the huge man. His mouth made little motions as though he were trying to frame words but had no breath to articulate them.

"What did you say?" he gasped finally. His mild blue eyes were shocked. "Who tried to chloroform you?"

"He did," Jo insisted. "If you don't believe me, step into the booth and smell it."

The big man pushed his gray hat onto the back of his head in amazement and smiled incredulously. His eyes were bland and innocent.

"What a silly thing to say!" he protested. "Why in the world should I try to chloroform you?"

"Because of murder," Jo said. A wave of shocked surprise swept over the watching faces. The manager turned pale.

The man in the gray felt hat puffed on his cigar as he looked at her.

"Tell us all," he said quietly. His voice was friendly and inviting. "How many people a day try to chloroform you? You can tell us; we're your friends."

"Now see here," the manager protested. His bewilderment had been worn down to a certain confused hardness. "What the devil is going on here? This is a responsible drugstore. You can't go around accusing people of murder here." He turned to Jo in helpless indignation. "We have a national reputation to uphold," he said. "Nothing like this has ever happened before."

"But you can smell the chloroform," Jo insisted. "Just put your head in there."

She pushed the man across to the booth; but he shook her off. He glanced from Jo to the tall man with a roosterlike defiance.

"I'm perfectly capable of doing this all by myself," he snapped. "I can smell for myself."

He stepped into the booth and sniffed audibly, his eyes rolling slowly from side to side to indicate suspended judgment. The crowd watched him, their faces unconsciously reflecting his. As the dubious look in his eyes increased, so did theirs. Jo felt her assurance receding.

"I don't smell anything," the manager said finally—"except the smoke

"I never forget a face. I know he's some prominent American!"

of a cheap cigar." His petulant voice took on a clumsy sarcasm. "If you were smoking it, I can understand why you thought you were being knocked out."

A nervous titter ran around from mouth to mouth. The silly little sound broke a tension that had tied them to Jo. It freed them, and Jo stood alone in their midst.

"That's the smoke from my cigar," the big man said. "It got in there when I heard her smash the window and I reached inside to help her out." His voice became mildly indignant. "And it's not a cheap cigar. Look at that ash. White as snow and over an inch long."

The manager stared at the ash.

"That doesn't mean a thing. We carry a five-cent cigar that'll support its own length of ash. And our laboratories can make it any color you want. If blue ashes were the sign of a good cigar, then our five-cent cigars would come with blue ashes. We duplicate only the best."

"That's all very well," said Jo. "But what about me? I'm not crazy. I tell you . . ."

The door of the other booth opened, and the woman stepped out. She walked over to the tall man, not even glancing at the crowd.

"I just spoke to papa and he got home all right," she said. Her voice had a homey, domestic quality. "I told him we'd keep in touch with him." She turned, and for the first time, it seemed, she saw the people about her. "What's the matter, dear? Is anything wrong?"

He turned his head toward Jo and nodded at her.

"Poor girl," he said gently. "She thinks I tried to hit her over the head or something."

"I didn't say that," Jo insisted. "I said you tried to chloroform me."

"Well, of course that's ridiculous," the woman replied in a matter-of-fact way. She tugged at her gloves. "If you'll just think about it, you'll see." She sounded like a busy schoolteacher who has decided to take a firm stand with her pupils. "You shouldn't say fantastic things like that; it's not nice." She raised her head again and stared at Jo, her voice falling as she did so. "Oh," she said, "I recognize you now." There was an acid quality as she spoke. "You're that little Western schoolteacher who got so much publicity a few weeks ago with one of your students."

Jo pulled desperately at the manager's sleeve. It was no more than a gesture to retain her position as accuser.

"Now, see here . . ." Jo said.

"Don't think you can pull anything on my husband," the woman went on. She sounded snappish now, just as she had the day before on the Eighth Avenue bus. "If you want any more of that cheap notoriety you'll have to go elsewhere."

"You're perfectly right, madam," the manager said. He turned to Jo. "I knew that there was something about your face. I hardly remember the story now, but enough comes back to me to tell me that I didn't like it. Now get out of here." He pushed her. "We're too big an outfit to be a party to any bum publicity stunts like this. We don't need it. We advertise nationally."

☆ "JUST a minute . . ." Jo said. She was totally at a loss again. There was no need for her to be on the defensive—it should have been the other way around. No matter what was done to her, she would be unable to complain, because it would always appear that it was her fault. A curious cramping feeling came to her, such as she'd had when Dick refused to recognize her in his office. It was as though she were becoming convinced that she was out of her mind and that everybody else was right. The faces about her had no sympathy for her. They were accusing and indignant.

The manager continued to push—short nervous shoves—and his voice was bitter:

"You ought to be glad that I'm not having you locked up. I'm not calling the police because that's just what you'd want. You'd eat it up, wouldn't

you? Well, you don't make a chump out of me. Go on—get out!"

He took Jo's arm in a firm grip and led her to the Broadway entrance.

"Now, get going, sister. I don't want to see your face around here again!"

Jo stood irresolutely as she saw the manager return inside the store and speak apologetically to the man and woman. They were listening to him but their eyes were on Jo. As Jo met their gaze, one thing became very clear. Instead of chasing them, they had always been chasing her. If she had walked in back of them, it was only because they were leading her on at their own convenience. The trepidation she had felt at her own seeming courage in trailing them was a thing of the past. It was quite clear now that she need never hesitate at boldness from this point on. She was completely on the run.

It didn't take courage for that. To be successful, it needed fear, terror, uncontrolled flight.

The time for decisions was past; it was now time to start running.

☆ JO thrust herself into the stream of people walking up Broadway. She kept her pace even with theirs so that she would be as inconspicuous as possible. There was nothing else to do but walk with the crowd. She was afraid to take the chance of getting into a cab by herself, because they could too easily and quietly force their way in behind her. She wouldn't get into another telephone booth for love or money. As for the subway—that was out; there would be too many opportunities for them.

And there could be no appealing to the police. Not yet, anyhow. At least, not until she had heard from Dick, and it wasn't time yet to go back to her room. There was only one thing to do: keep moving and stay ahead of them, out of their reach.

The impulse to run had constantly to be checked. Even to turn around might give her away. The people about her, in their very stolidity and plainness, were a protection. She glanced from side to side, without turning her head, to reassure herself at every step that everything was all right. But the compulsion was too much. She had to glance backward just once.

Some twenty feet behind her, the man and woman were strolling. Their faces were blank and receptive to every passing stimulus. They stared directly at Jo, and then through her, like ordinary suburban visitors, the wife leaning on the husband's arm.

Can Jo manage to lose the two who are so persistently trailing her? What do they want of her now that their accomplices, the old man and woman, have already taken the plan from the murdered doctor? Will the police believe Dick's story? And, if they do, can he find Jo again before some harm comes to her? Don't miss next week's installment in which a frightened girl tries frantically to outdistance the sinister footsteps behind her!

Jane Frazee, featured in the Universal Picture "San Antonio Rose", is pictured here with . . .

. . . J. P. McNulty, owner of Sinclair-lubricated Southeast Arkansas Freight Lines whose trucks helped move the Arkansas National Guard to Camp Robinson in the first official . . .

. . . U. S. Army maneuver by truck and bus. The troop-carrying equipment of Southeast Arkansas Freight Lines was lubricated with Opaline Motor Oil and powered with the famous . . .

. . . Double-Range H-C Gasoline. This is further proof that you can rely on these same Sinclair products for top performance in your car. Try them at any dealer displaying the red and green Sinclair H-C sign.

This Man's Army

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

☆ MY brother is stationed at Fort McClellan, Alabama, and was planning to come home on furlough. Then he wrote us that all furloughs had been canceled until summer maneuvers are completed.

I know that men at other camps are getting furloughs and some have not been in service as long as my brother. Why are some organizations being favored and others being discriminated against? It hardly seems fair, to say the least.

Miss C. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Here is your official answer from the War Department, Washington: "You ask for an explanation for the cancellation of furloughs at some Army posts and not at others. There are contingencies which arise at different posts to cause Commanders in one case to concel furloughs, except in emergency, but which do not exist at other posts. An example of this would be an intensive training period to be conducted just prior to departure of a unit for maneuvers and the maneuver period itself. During this time, furloughs are held to an absolute minimum. During this same period at other posts, due to different phases of training the units are undergoing and the date maneuvers are scheduled, furloughs might be granted. In other words, maneuvers do not take place simultaneously all over the United States. You are probably aware of the fact that all National Guard units were not inducted at the same time. Those units coming to active duty first, as a general rule, have conducted some maneuvers earlier than units which were inducted several months later. This happens to be the case in this particular instance. General Haskell's 27th National Guard Division is on maneuvers now. It is not true that organizations are favored in the matter of furloughs while others are being discriminated against. Any report to this effect is in error."

Robert C. Richardson, Jr.,
Major General, U. S. A.,
Director, Bureau of Public Relations.

After reading your page since it started I have yet to see a letter from Pine Camp, New York. We are a new outfit, Sarge, the Fourth Armored Division, composed of cadres from the First, now being whipped into shape, and we'd like the other posts to know that we're here at our permanent station.

Pfc. T. R. B., Hq. Co.,
Pine Camp, N. Y.

Here y'are, Private, and compliments. I try to print letters from as many different outfits as I can, but with the increasing number of posts, camps, stations, and other Army installations, it's impossible to make my space go round. No post need feel neglected if its name doesn't appear here frequently. By the way, I'm now getting papers from nearly fifty outfits, and I want to thank all the men who send them. I read every issue.

Is a man limited to 120 days in which to apply for government insurance after he enters service? My son has been in the Army Air Corps for seven months and, due to a misunderstanding, has never taken out government insurance which covers flying. Now he says it's too late; but I have been informed that he can apply at any time and need only take another physical examination.

P. L. C., Knoxville, Tenn.

Sorry, but your son is right and if the 120 days have elapsed he's out of luck.

In the May 24 issue you answered my question about non-exemption of ex-navy men from the draft and said you were "willing to bet none of the bills before Congress to amend the act in that regard will ever see the light of debate, much less become law."

I didn't take the bet but I wish I had. Know what I mean, Sarge?

Pvt. K. H. T., Camp Bowie, Tex.

That's a horse on me, soldier. The President signed a bill on May 30 exempting from the draft all ex-members of the Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard who have served three consecutive years or one of active service and two in the Reserve. Navy men say that the non-exemption clause had served its purpose in bringing back the old hands in sufficient numbers to provide a nucleus of experienced men to man the new ships.

From the day after payday until payday comes again, time hangs heavy on our hands down here in the Canal Zone. We have a large day room with three pool tables, three ping-pong tables, some card tables, and a few games. Still we're always looking for improvements or little things that will make life more cheerful. Since Liberty is read in all Army camps, I wonder if soldiers, and civilians too, would send in their suggestions to help us make our day room a better place to kill the hours we have to spend.

Staff Sgt. George Russell,
6th Bomb. Group, France Field, C. Z.

Glad to print your letter, sarge, not only for the benefit of your outfit but for others with the same problem. If readers will send their suggestions to me, I'll make a list of all the good ones and publish them.

Some New England papers have carried stories to the effect that married draftees, upon completion of their thirteen weeks basic training, would be assigned to camps as near as possible to their homes. Is this an actual War Dept. policy or a false rumor?

Pvt. O. F. W., Camp Wheeler, Ga.

It's a false rumor if there ever was one, and the War Department has issued no such order nor is it following any such policy.

Blessed are the poor. They can join the Army without being annoyed by photographers and reporters.

Fort Brady Lock Guard, Mich.

"Dear Ma: I asserted myself to the cook about his cooking versus your cooking, and will write more when I can see better!"

winches as she gathered in her loot. She needed it badly, as they were all aware. The very way she had been riding light when they reached her showed she was almost stripped. The Fairfax had been juicily baited.

The night wore away, and just before dawn, with the swell subsiding and much of the freight out of her, the Fairfax was eased full alongside the Krandorff and made fast. She pumped out the Fairfax's oil and fresh water, then transferred some few remaining tons of cargo, including the emergency stores, so when the smaller vessel was cast off she was literally an empty hulk.

"A clean job," said Captain Murray dryly. "I doubt if we could outfit a dinghy right now."

Sitting low in the water now, the Krandorff sheered away, leaving only Lieutenant Forte and a dozen men still on board. The lieutenant came up on the lower bridge, and he was impatient.

"You've fifteen minutes to get clear," he said shortly. "After that we open fire." He was unshaven, his uniform was grimy, and he looked strained of face in the morning light.

"I appreciate the courtesy," said Captain Murray. He was unshaven and tired too, his nerves fretted with anxiety, but he forced himself to a pleasant tone. While the major part of his task had been accomplished, and he felt the letdown from that, he was still apprehensive about his men's safety. Raiders were little concerned with captive crews.

"Fifteen minutes, you understand," said the lieutenant harshly. He consulted his wrist watch. "Now get out!"

Captain Murray compressed his lips at the tone, collected his officers with his eyes, and led them to the spar deck. He found the crew already assembled there, uneasily waiting for him, and they gave him a subdued cheer when he appeared.

"We'll swing out numbers three and four," he ordered, quite as if that had not been settled days before. "And we've fifteen minutes. . . . Get to work, boys!"

☆ IT was the bosun who gave the bad news. He was a burly, walrus-mustached man, and he was indignant. "There ain't no gear in the boats, sir." He hitched up his belt and spat. "The swines have stripped 'em—masts, oars, and sails."

"Not that?" asked Captain Murray quietly. He felt a little shocked. This wasn't sportsmanship. He stepped to the nearest boat and looked inside. There remained of all the gear only a breaker of water and the steel tank of ship's biscuits slung under one stretcher. He swung back and spoke to Mr. Gorton. "Get the boats in the water anyway. I'll see what can be done."

He went carefully down on the main deck then, a steady man with his instincts outraged. Lieutenant Forte was standing by the rail looking on while his men lowered several small objects overside. The captain recognized the ships chronometers and flags and other such small gear, and he thought bitterly: They're not even leaving a pin aboard her! . . . The lieutenant saw him and laughed mirthlessly.

"I gave you fifteen minutes," he grated. "What is it?"

"Oars and sails—oars at least," the captain explained. "Good God, man! We might drift for days. With only one water breaker to a boat, we'll stand a good chance of going under. But give us oars and we've a chance to make port."

Lieutenant Forte shrugged. "That is regrettable," he snapped. "But I only promised boats. I might say it would not be convenient to have you make port soon, in any case. You understand!"

Captain Murray looked at the saber-scarred face, at the hard blue eyes, at the thin-lipped mouth and the uncompromising set to the shoulders . . . and he nodded. He understood perfectly.

"We will do our best," he said calmly, "to oblige you by dying before we can report."

The lieutenant hesitated a moment as if struggling with himself. "I have to follow my orders," he said gruffly. "You have the boats. Now get out!"

☆ THE captain drew a deep breath and nodded and turned to go. "Many thanks for the supplies," the lieutenant called after him. "You have done us a great service."

"The pleasure," said Captain Murray, "is all yours. And I sincerely hope you enjoy it."

"Fortunes of war, captain," said the lieutenant cynically. "And so good-by."

He motioned his men and they dropped into his waiting boat. Captain Murray went back on the spar deck and found the crew were already lowering their own boats away. He got in, Mr. Gorton taking the second boat, and they cast off and pushed away from the Fairfax's now high, lumbering sides. They tore up part of the bottom boards to serve as rough paddles, and worked frantically to get clear enough so they would not be in danger when the ship went under.

Once clear of her, they saw Lieutenant Forte's boat sliding alongside the Krandorff. It was hoisted smartly and the raider swung to the east and slid away. She checked about two miles distant—and then came the first flash, followed by the hard *spang!* of the explosion. The shell sheared through the Fairfax's upper bridge, sending splinters of wood and steel into the air. The second shell was lower, and Captain Murray winced as the rending impact reached him. When you command, there is something of every ship that grows into you. He winced again and again as the shells ripped home, and after a while he did not care to look

His second mate touched his arm as the firing ceased

"She's going, sir," he said quietly, and Captain Murray lifted his head. Yes, she was going. The Fairfax was sliding into the sea stern first. Her bows rose up . . . up . . . up . . . as if proudly trying to meet the sky. And then she slid back and under and out of sight, as if very tired. There was a small whirlpool, a tangle of flotsam upon the roiling water, and when it reached the boats they rocked and tilted to the impact. Then it was over, and the Krandorff, with three derisive blasts of her siren, was boring to the east with a white bone in her teeth.

Captain Murray straightened his tie and touched his crisp mustache. "I hope she enjoyed it," he said acidly. "I hope she enjoys everything."

☆ "SHALL we break out the instruments, sir?" asked the second mate. Mr. Gorton hailed across the sea to ask the same question, and the captain said, "Break them out!"

In his own boat then (as in Mr. Gorton's) they pried loose the false sides of two of the air tanks and drew out the parts of a compact radio. In the captain's boat the operator assembled his swiftly, laughing to himself.

"What'd the Krandorff give if she knew about this, eh?"

Captain Murray frowned. "She'd be back and blow us under," he warned. "Not a whisper, mind, until I say so." He looked at his wrist watch. "Thirty-six hours was the bomb time. You men did a good job."

The bosun looked at him and spat. "Well, you made everything pretty plain, sir. There wasn't a chance of a slip. We did as you ordered when we were loading the slings for Jerry. Every marked case, we pulled the protruding wire down and back."

"Setting things beautifully," the captain agreed. "Good work. Now we have to wait. I think she has an hour or so leeway yet. We timed it pretty close."

They stared after the ghost-gray Krandorff, fading to a sullen blue on the afternoon horizon. And after her hull had gone from sight they stared at her smoke . . . and then suddenly from below the smoke there vomited up a rolling pillar of blackness. They did not hear the hammer of the explosion, faint and muffled, until long after; but what they had seen was enough.

"It must have touched off her powder magazine," said Captain Murray in a strained voice. "Probably blown to pieces." He adjusted his tie, touched his mustache, and added, "I hope her men got it quickly!"

"Shall I report, sir?" demanded the operator, crouched at the little radio. The captain nodded.

"The patrol will be listening for us and they'll pick us up sooner or later. Report we're adrift . . . but safe . . . and give our position." He shook his head. "I'd never have believed that time bombs in cased goods would have done the trick so neatly."

THE END

TO THE Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ LESTER GRUNDY'S business shows how democratic practice benefits us in a matter close to our hearts. I mean *clothes!* Mr. Grundy designs exclusive patterned fabrics, silk prints, chintzes, etc. Before the war, imported dress goods, handled only by the greatest fashion houses, always were too costly for the average woman. But Europe's conflict has put our native designers on their own resources here, and their new policy lets every one have a chance to buy. After a few months the finest fabrics designed for such big style firms as Bergdorf Goodman, Bendel, or Magnin of Hollywood, are now allowed to be retailed through department stores at rates home dressmakers can afford. The moderate-priced Claire Potter dresses make use of unduplicated Grundy numbers, and some of his chintzes are sold at a dollar a yard. . . . The fresh outdoor quality of his originals led me to ask where he gets his ideas. "My father," he said, "owned a New Jersey silk mill. As a boy I played with old books of patterns before turning to mechanical drawing and architecture. Back in the fabric trade, I recalled father's old pattern books and my mother's old-fashioned garden. From the two I make what you might call *memory designs.*" . . . Directed by elderly European experts, the American workers at the Grundy studios are doing a swell creative job —important to every woman.

☆ *MR. GRUNDY gives us these dress-print hints:* Tall slender females can wear any fabric. Bold flower designs are fine for them. . . . Smallish ladies had better beware of big picture patterns. Ideal for them are *conversation prints* with gay little drawings of trees, birds, landscape scenes, or animals—like the one featuring Sophie Gimbel's pet poodles. . . . Girls with very striking hair shouldn't wear splashy prints that detract from its effectiveness.

☆ TYRANNICAL fathers have become so rare that any trace of them appears fantastic, yet the following story is true: A successful young business woman asked her lawyer to find an honorable young man who needed money. She said, "My father won't let me live alone, and I am determined to be independent. If I leave home against his will he'll make life miserable for my mother and sister. Marriage is the only argument he'd listen to. I'll pay the right man a thousand dollars to act as my fiancé while I furnish my own apartment. I'll require him to marry me, then to desert me *immediately*—straight from the wedding—and let me get a divorce." . . . Several months ago the lawyer put the deal through with an insolvent young research scientist. It has worked out exactly as planned.

☆ WALTZING parties are fashionable—dances at which only waltzes are played. I asked Xavier Cugat, orchestra leader at the Waldorf-Astoria, what waltz tunes he expects will be the most popular between now and September. He named three: *Salud, Dinero y Amor*—Health, Wealth and Love (from Argentina); *Noche de Rondo*—Night Around Town (from Mexico); and a revival of the old-time favorite, Vienna Dreams. . . . Mr. Cugat came here a good while ago from Barcelona. *Cugat,* he tells me, was the original family name of Ireland's St. Patrick!

☆ RECOMMENDED to entertainment directors at vacation resorts: Durward Maddocks' new book of country dances, Swing Your Partners. (The Stephen Daye Press. $1.)

☆ TIMID women are fond of thinking lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place. Oh, doesn't it? . . . At Lexington, Kentucky, there is a statue of Henry Clay *without* a book in his hand. The statue had a book; but lightning has struck it repeatedly, always knocking the book out. Tired of such a monotonous game, Lexington can't be bothered to replace Henry's book any more.

☆ TRY this *Egg Bean Bake* as a sustaining summer meal, meatless and inexpensive. In the recipe I mention a California condiment you may not know. . . . Sauté 2 chopped tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped green pepper, 1 chopped onion, salt to taste. Mix with 2 cans kidney beans. Cook 20 minutes. Press through strainer to make a purée the thickness of mashed potatoes. Add I teaspoon Grandma's Spanish Seasoning moistened in water —or 1 teaspoon chili powder if you can't get Grandma's. Spread bean purée in buttered casserole, making six depressions with large spoon. Heat well in oven, then take out and drop 1 egg in each depression. Dot with butter, sprinkle with grated cheese. Bake 25 minutes in moderate oven.

A scrumptious spread... for coffee cake!

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INSIDE GERMANY TODAY—Continued from Page 21

Concessions then on the agenda involved a vast extension of the Russian sphere of influence at the expense of the British.

Since the birth of the Nazi Party, Hess has been the most pronounced anti-Communist. It was he, not Hitler, who wrote the main anti-Russian passages into Mein Kampf. Not only did he consider Communism a world menace but in his opinion the Russians were semibarbaric Asiatics who by no stretch of the imagination could properly belong to the European concert of nations. While other Nazi leaders, including Hitler himself, kept the anti-Russian drums beating merely as a matter of policy, with Hess it remained a matter of deep conviction.

Hess protested violently against the new arrangement which was virtually a treaty of alliance between Berlin and Moscow. He was supported by Göring, but the two were outvoted. In the course of the meeting sharp remarks passed between Hess and von Ribbentrop, the latter acidly advising the deputy Führer to stick to his own business of pepping up the masses, and leave Nazi foreign policy to those who knew something about it.

Hess later went to Hitler. As the Führer's oldest friend—in fact, the only one who had the right to address him with the familiar *Du*—Hess believed that he had more personal influence with the dictator than any one else. He tried hard to exert it. He referred to Ribbentrop as an intruder, an upstart, and a cheat whose policy was leading Germany to perdition. Hitler, fully committed to his policy of conquest not only for himself but also for his Axis partners, merely smiled. He conceded that Ribbentrop was probably everything that Hess said, but maintained that the present German foreign policy is shrewd and gets results. He bade Hess be realistic.

Hess knew that others shared his opinions. A considerable part of the German people, including some of the leading army generals, are opposed to everything that is Russian. On the morning of May 9, according to my radiogram, Hess went to Göring and demanded that drastic steps be taken. He argued that the new Russian accord meant only a prolongation of the war, involving useless slaughter of many Germans. This, he declared, was precisely what Stalin desired. He then became vehement on the subject of reaching an understanding with England at the expense of Russia. He even went so far, according to my report, as to suggest that a plot for the elimination of Ribbentrop, or even of Hitler, might be necessary.

Göring saw that Hess was in dead earnest, and felt that he had to be silenced in some way. But he did not want to do the job himself, so he got in touch with the ever-ready-for-dirty-work Goebbels. This accounted for Goebbels' arrival at Berchtesgaden that same night. But Hitler was busy with Darlan, and he telephoned Himmler, instructing him to look into the matter.

Himmler flew the next day to Augsburg, where Hess was addressing a party meeting. After the meeting Himmler informed Hess that he would have to place him under arrest until matters were cleared up to the satisfaction of Hitler.

But Hess knew Himmler and his past. Therefore he believed that once the Himmler claws were upon him he would go the same way as Gregor Strasser and Roehm had gone—"purged." He told Himmler that he had made a mistake and that he was ready to pay his debt. But he pointed to the political commotion which his arrest would cause throughout the world. He suggested that he be allowed to go up in a plane and crash to his death. Himmler, for once outwitted, agreed that this probably would be the best solution.

☆ TOGETHER they went to Willi Messerschmitt, designer and producer of the warplanes bearing his name, and Hess asked to try out the latest model fighter. With Himmler present, Messerschmitt had not the least suspicion. They went to the flying field, where Hess selected a fully fueled fighter. He put on a flyer's togs, climbed into the cockpit, waved to those on the ground, and soared aloft. Himmler waited until the next day, then released the story of his accidental death. Unfortunately for Himmler, Hess in the meantime had landed in Scotland.

That Hess toyed for some days with the idea of escaping from Germany by plane or otherwise is evident from letters which he left behind for his wife and two close friends. When the British announced his arrival, numerous arrests were ordered. Among the most prominent were Messerschmitt, Frau Hess, Professor Haushofer, Admiral Bohn, and scores of Hess aides. Messerschmitt, examined by Hitler himself, easily established his innocence. In view of the official tale given to the German public, it would have been politically unwise to molest Frau Hess. The fate of Haushofer, Bohn, and others is still unknown.

One thing has infuriated Hitler more than all else in the Hess affair. While checking up on Hess during the days preceding the flight, it was established that he had visited the Foreign Ministry. Then came the dire discovery that the draft of the projected treaty with Russia was missing. The implication is that Hess stole it and took it away with him. If this proves to be true, and he has surrendered the draft to the British, all sorts of trouble between Berlin and Moscow may result.

In that case, this bizarre tale may eventually have a happy ending.

THE END

Equally startling "grapevine" news anent Hitler's dealings with Admiral Darlan will be made public by Wythe Williams in Liberty next week.

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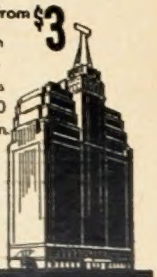

IN THE CENTER OF MID-TOWN NEW YORK

THE LAST WORD: *The Mystery of Senator Wheeler*

© BACHRACH
FULTON OURSLER

AN IMPORTANT NEW SERIES of articles begins in Liberty next week. It is called Why Senator Wheeler and Lindbergh Work Together, and the author is Frederick L. Collins, whose recent series, Why Lindbergh Acts That Way, aroused excited interest throughout the United States and Canada. Mr. Collins has approached his study of Senator Wheeler as a reporter eager to get at the facts, his mind full of questions. What does Senator Wheeler really think of Charles Lindbergh? What prompted the senator to take his firm stand against the administration's foreign policy? Does he hate President Roosevelt? You will recall that, of the Lend-Lease Bill, Senator Wheeler said it was "the New Deal's triple-A foreign policy to plow under every fourth American boy." Our readers will also remember that the President of the United States called Senator Wheeler's comment, "the most untruthful . . . dastardly . . . rottenest thing said in public life in my generation."

There were other questions in the fact-hungry mind of Mr. Collins. In the late Ambassador Dodd's diary, published in this magazine, the following appeared:

"A certain well known senator . . . talks like a National Socialist. . . . He advocated German domination of all Europe, our domination of the Americas, and Japanese domination of the Far East. He wishes to see England dominated by Germany, with Canada falling naturally to the United States. . . . He said: 'We shall soon be shooting up people here, like Hitler does.' "

IT WAS ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO that Liberty published this excerpt, and no American alive to his times will have forgotten the immediate sequel. Who was this senator? President Roosevelt at a press conference in the White House claimed the anonymous senator was Burt Wheeler. Mr. Wheeler promptly denied it. But his own complete and intimate version of what did happen at a dinner at the home of Rexford Tugwell was not then disclosed. Here was a great question in the mind of our reporter. Mr. Collins wanted to hear Senator Wheeler's full account of that historic controversy. Senator Wheeler, who quickly earned Mr. Collins' respect and admiration, gave him the whole story as he remembered it. More, he told of a mysterious call made upon him by the son of the late Ambassador Dodd, and of a singular warning given by young Mr. Dodd to the senator.

As Mr. Collins went from Senator Wheeler to the friends and foes of that stormy petrel, he found his fact-hungry mind filling up with an abundance of fascinating and highly important material. Now he has set it all down in his series, articles which are, in my opinion at least, even more interesting and exciting than the recent Collins analysis of Lindbergh. Why Senator Wheeler and Lindbergh Work Together starts in Liberty next week.

WITHOUT EXAGGERATION I can recommend the other articles and stories to be found in next week's issue. There are two especially fine short stories: The Song Is You, by William Holder, and One Light Burning, by Roy Dickinson. There is the second installment of Murder with Southern Hospitality, by Leslie Ford, and another exciting episode in Footsteps Behind Her, by Mitchell Wilson. Among the articles, I especially recommend Problem Drinkers and How to Help Them, by Genevieve Parkhurst; Inside Germany Today: How Darlan Sold Out France to Hitler, by Wythe Williams; Youth and Beauty After 40, by Gloria Swanson; Canada Takes to the Air, by Frazier Hunt; Jacob Wilk, Hollywood's Tomorrow Man—the story of an extraordinary personality almost unknown to fame yet distinguished within the motion-picture industries; and the best article yet written for us by George Jean Nathan, called A New Broadway Is Born.

SALMAGUNDI: From a catalogue of conjuring tricks for sale to magicians, I clipped the following: "The Magician's Story, a superb magical poem-sermon. Briefly, it is the story of a magician who was loved for his human qualities but religiously was an atheist. . . . Its rendition will brand the performer as one who can offer souler [*sic*] depth in his program. It cannot be used in the State of Kentucky." Why haven't all other states followed Kentucky's noble example? . . . One of the most popular musicals in New York last season—it just closed—was Louisiana Purchase, with Billy Gaxton and Victor Moore. One night Arthur and Dorothy Sherrill sat in the front row. Thus they were able to see that the musicians had been playing the score for so long, they had finally discarded their sheet music as unnecessary; instead, they all had magazines on their music racks. Having long been connected with Liberty, Arthur proceeded to take a poll of what these magazines were. The results: 1 Look, 1 Collier's, 1 Reader's Digest, 2 Libertys, 1 paper-bound copy of Pride and Prejudice. The second saxophone started—if Mr. Sherrill is really to be trusted—by reading Liberty's back page. He then began to tear up the magazine, giving Kathryn White's short story, The City Editor and the Lady, to the third sax, Shane's crossword puzzle to the second trumpet, but keeping Dinah Shore's story for himself. Mr. Sherrill stopped his observations just at that moment because Zorina, the beautiful star, appeared on the stage. Can you blame the man?

☆ *THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.* FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—JULY 19, 1941** ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY MEAD MADDICK LOWNDS

★ ★ ★ **LIBERTY—THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE** ★ ★ ★

"Shake a hoof, Elmer!" cried Elsie, "I'm off again!"

ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW, snatched another armful of clothes from Elmer, the Bull.

"You're *off*, all right," he grumbled crossly. "I don't know what for."

"For Canada, beautiful Canada!" said Elsie. "I really need a vacation, and Canada's the place where the *cream* of society is going this year! Besides, it's a part of my good neighbor policy."

"Hah!" scoffed Elmer: "How would folks in Canada ever know they had *you* for a neighbor?"

"The same way folks all over the United States know I'm a good neighbor," Elsie replied, packing away happily. "For they know the pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* I

produce for them. And the host of pure, wholesome things Borden experts are able to make from that milk."

"Your milk *this*, your milk *that!*" Elmer grunted, struggling to close an over-stuffed suitcase. "They make me tired!"

"Other people don't feel that way," remarked Elsie. "They find, for instance, that *Borden's Ice Cream* is wonderfully refreshing. Smooth, luscious, and pure as can be—because it's made from the finest milk and cream."

Elmer's language suddenly became quite violent. He had the suitcase closed at last—with the end of his tail in it.

"Elmer! I'm surprised at you!" exclaimed

Elsie. "Just because you're jealous of my career is no excuse for you to say things like that. Thousands of folks say *lovely* things about me. And about the tempting cream

soups and fluffy mashed potatoes they can make with *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk*—the same milk that doctors approve for babies because it's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D."

"All right, all *right!*" muttered Elmer, flinging a green coat of Elsie's into a crowded trunk and trying to slam the lid shut.

"Exactly," Elsie chatted on. "It's because my milk is *always* all right that a product like *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk* is always all right, too. So it never fails in helping to make mouth-watering cake frostings, candies, and cookies."

The trunk lid was stubborn. "Guess I'll have to jump on it," fumed Elmer.

"Youngsters generally jump for joy," commented Elsie, "when they're promised

that delicious builder-upper, *Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk*. And grownups feel just about as enthusiastic."

Click! went the trunk lock. Elmer was triumphant. "I knew," said he, "that a little cleverness would get that thing closed!"

"The cleverest thing I know," Elsie mused, "probably is *Klim*. Klim is pure, whole milk—*powdered*. Only the water is taken out. And to make it turn into real milk that *tastes* like real milk again, you just add water to it. It needs no refrigeration, so it's a great companion for sportsmen. Mothers give it to babies, and use it

in cooking. It . . . Elmer! Did you put my *green* coat in the trunk?"

"I certainly did, my dear," Elmer replied proudly. "Anything else I can tend to?"

"Yes," said Elsie, "you can tend to opening that trunk again—the train tickets are in my coat pocket. And we'll need them, if I am to tend to reminding folks in Canada . . . *'if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!'*"

* * *

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden . . . and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,000 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.

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Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—Ray Oglesby inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

"Luckies pay higher prices

"—to get lighter, milder leaf like this!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer of Winterville, N. C.

"LISTEN to the bidding at 'most any tobacco auction—and you'll see right fast that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, lighter leaf. Like any smoker, that's the tobacco I want—so naturally, I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment!"

Yes, Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder tobaccos. No wonder that with independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite over all other brands combined. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike!

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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